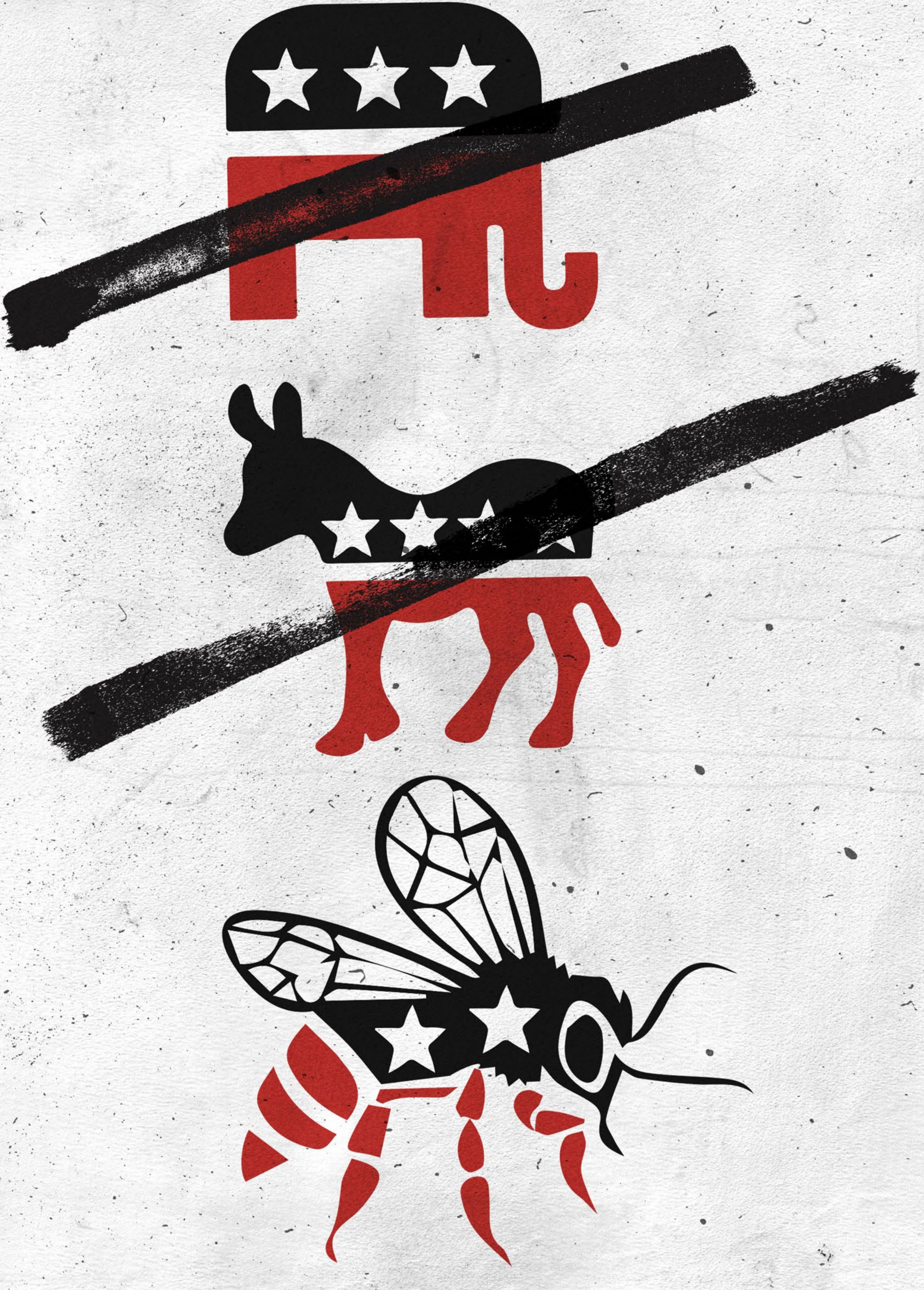
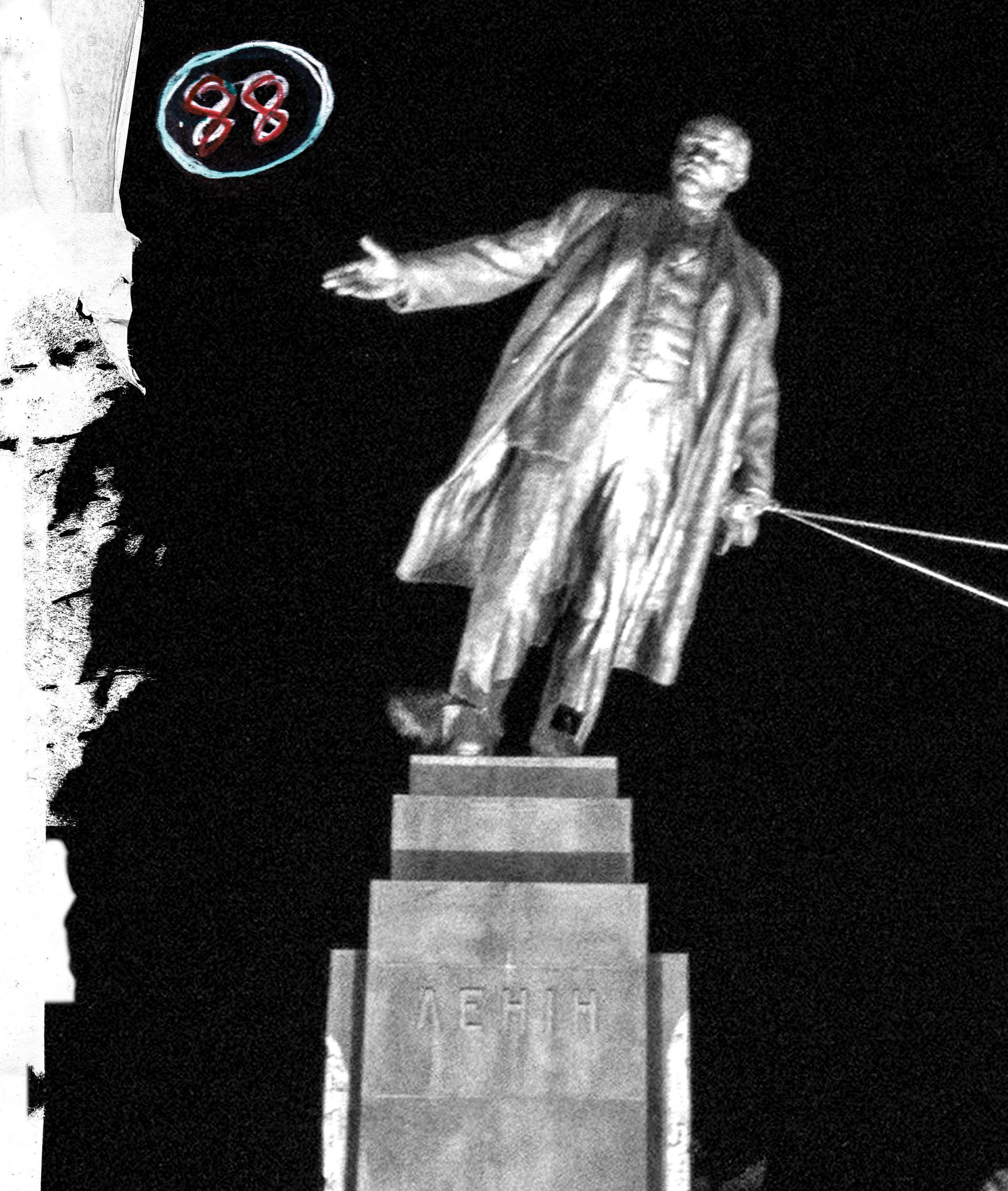
GEO POLITICAL COMIX
#174 • VOL.32 Nº4
ADBUSTERS



BEYOND LEFT & RIGHT


98
ЛЕНІН

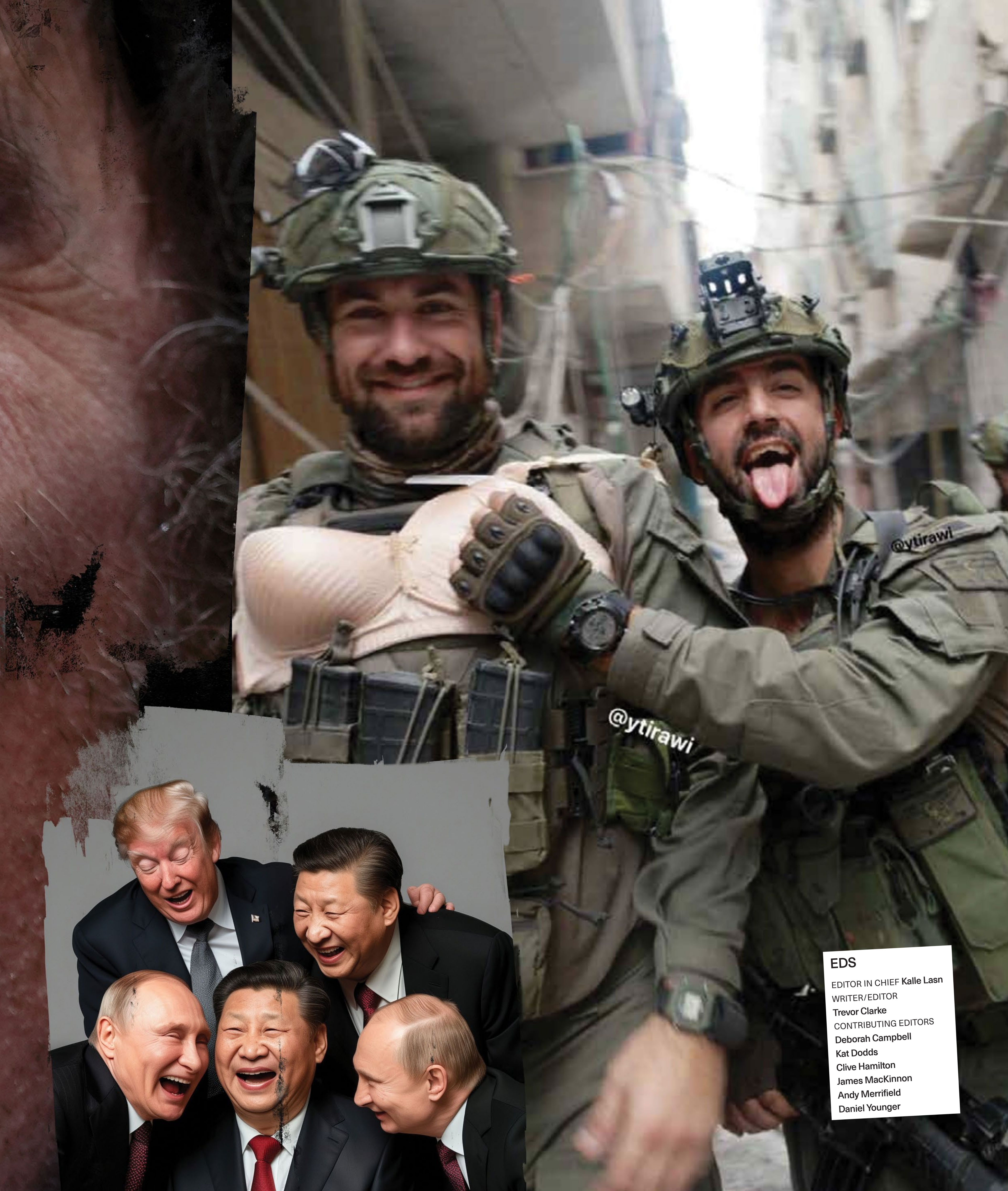
THE
OLD WORLD
IS
DYING . . .

AND THE
NEW WORLD
STRUGGLES
TO BE BORN.

PNA
PNA
PNA
PNA
TIERRA
TECHO
Y
TRABAJO

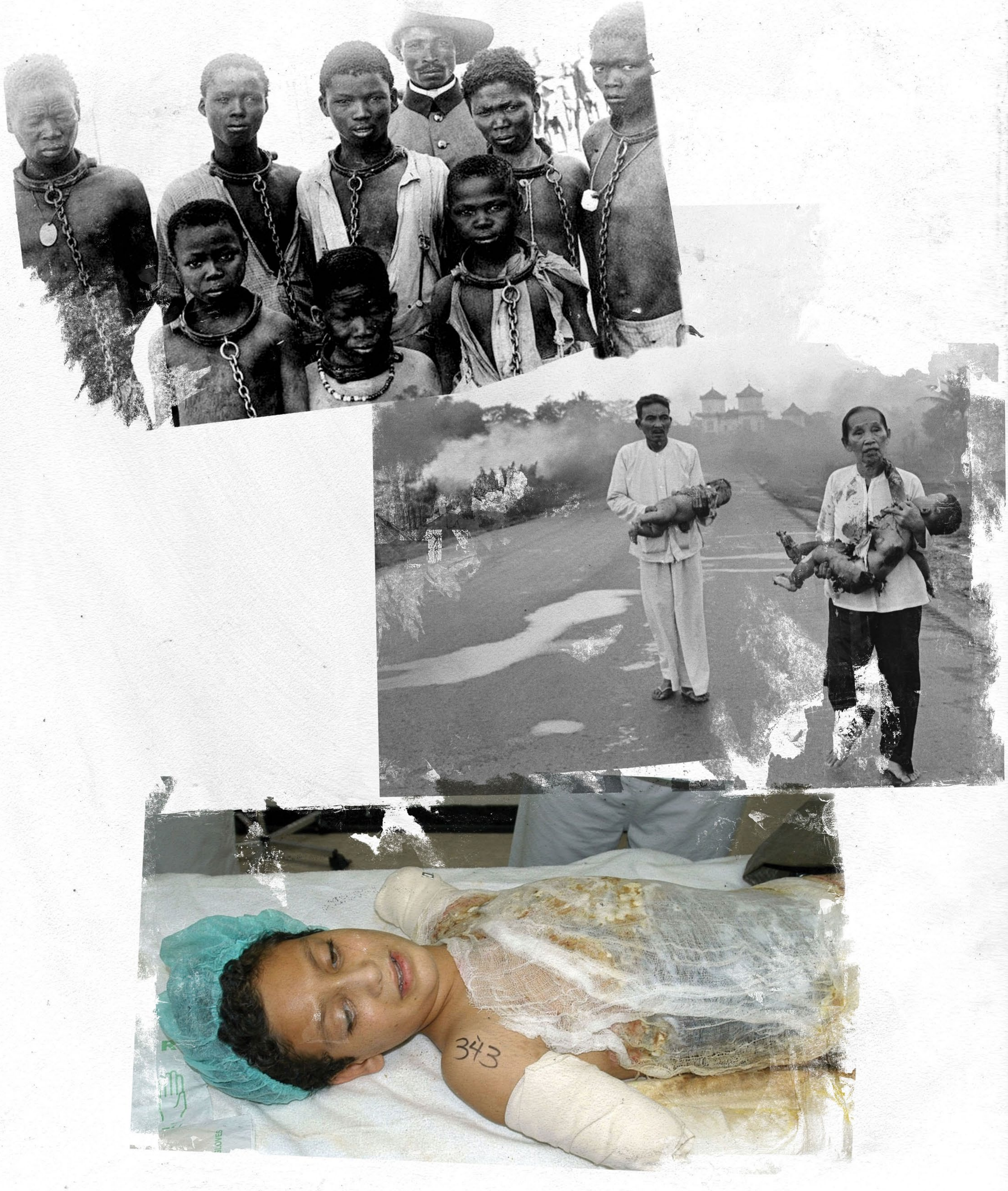
EFE/JUAN IGNACIO RONCORONI

NOW IS THE TIME OF MONSTERS



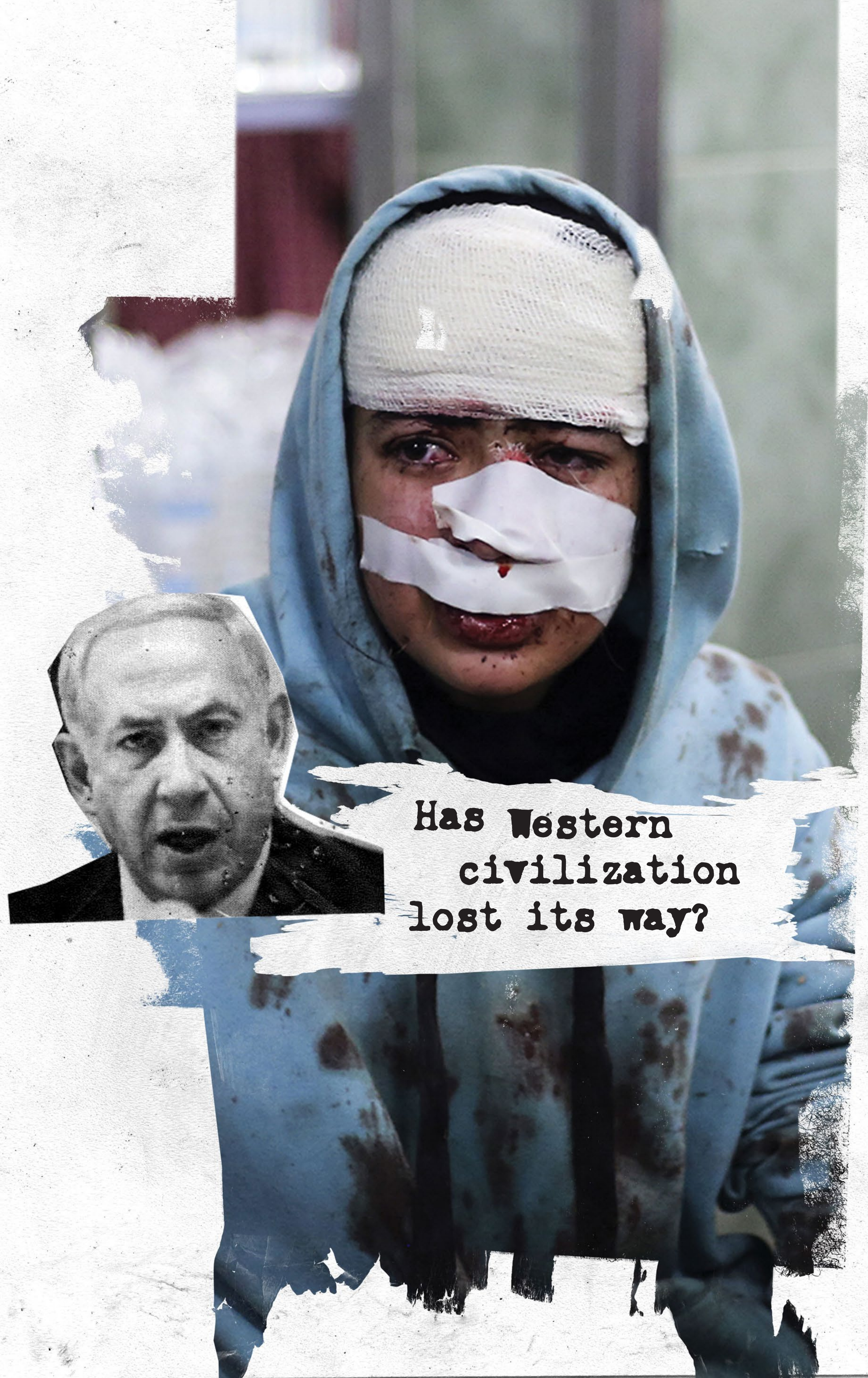
EDS

EDITOR IN CHIEF **Kalle Lasn**
WRITER/EDITOR
Trevor Clarke
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Deborah Campbell
Kat Dodds
Clive Hamilton
James MacKinnon
Andy Merrifield
Daniel Younger


343

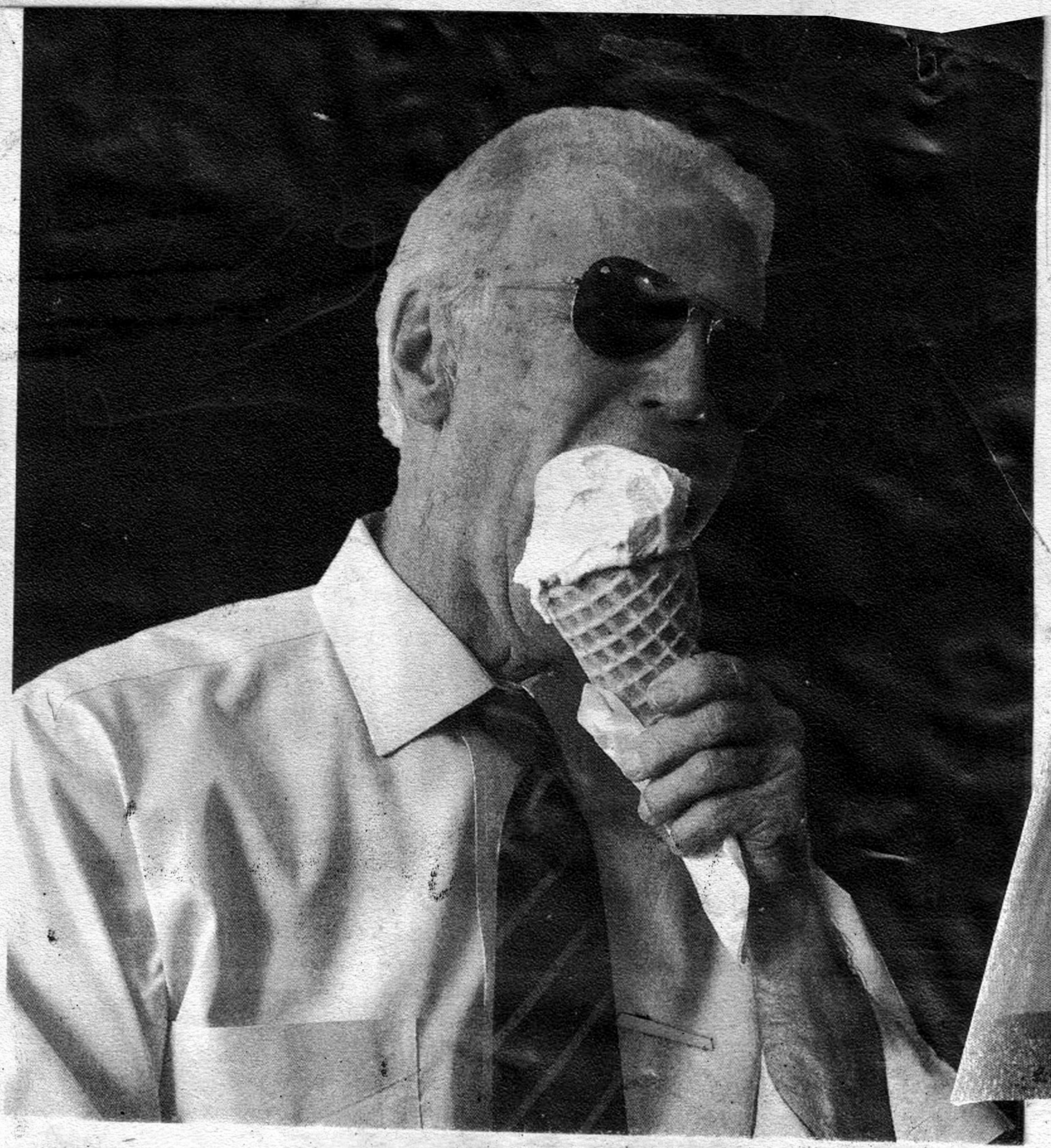
July 17

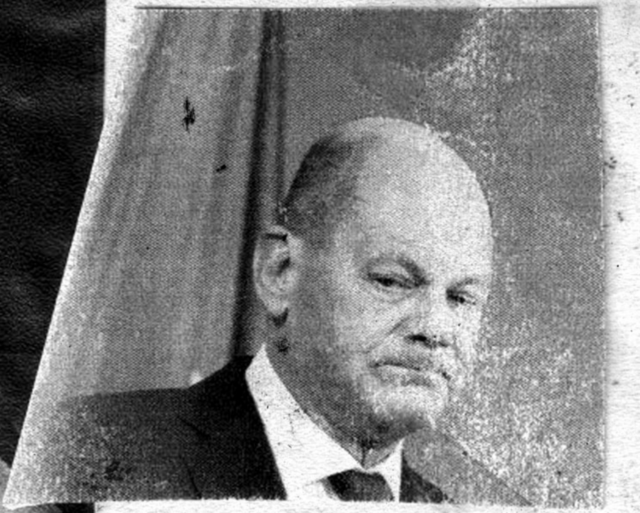
It's not just the slavery and the colonial period when we milked the world dry. It's not just Viet Nam and the idiocy of Iraq. And it's not just the black sites where we tortured people after 9/11. No, it's the moral degeneracy of right now ... who we still are ... what we're still doing ...



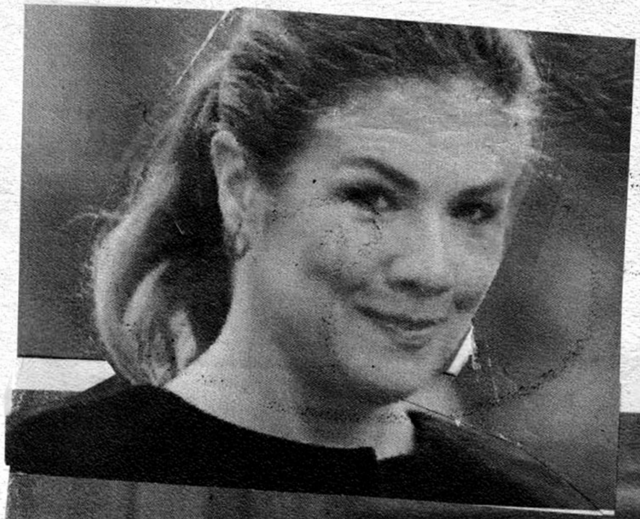
Has Western civilization lost its way?

Does it stand for anything anymore?





Have we liberal elites ...



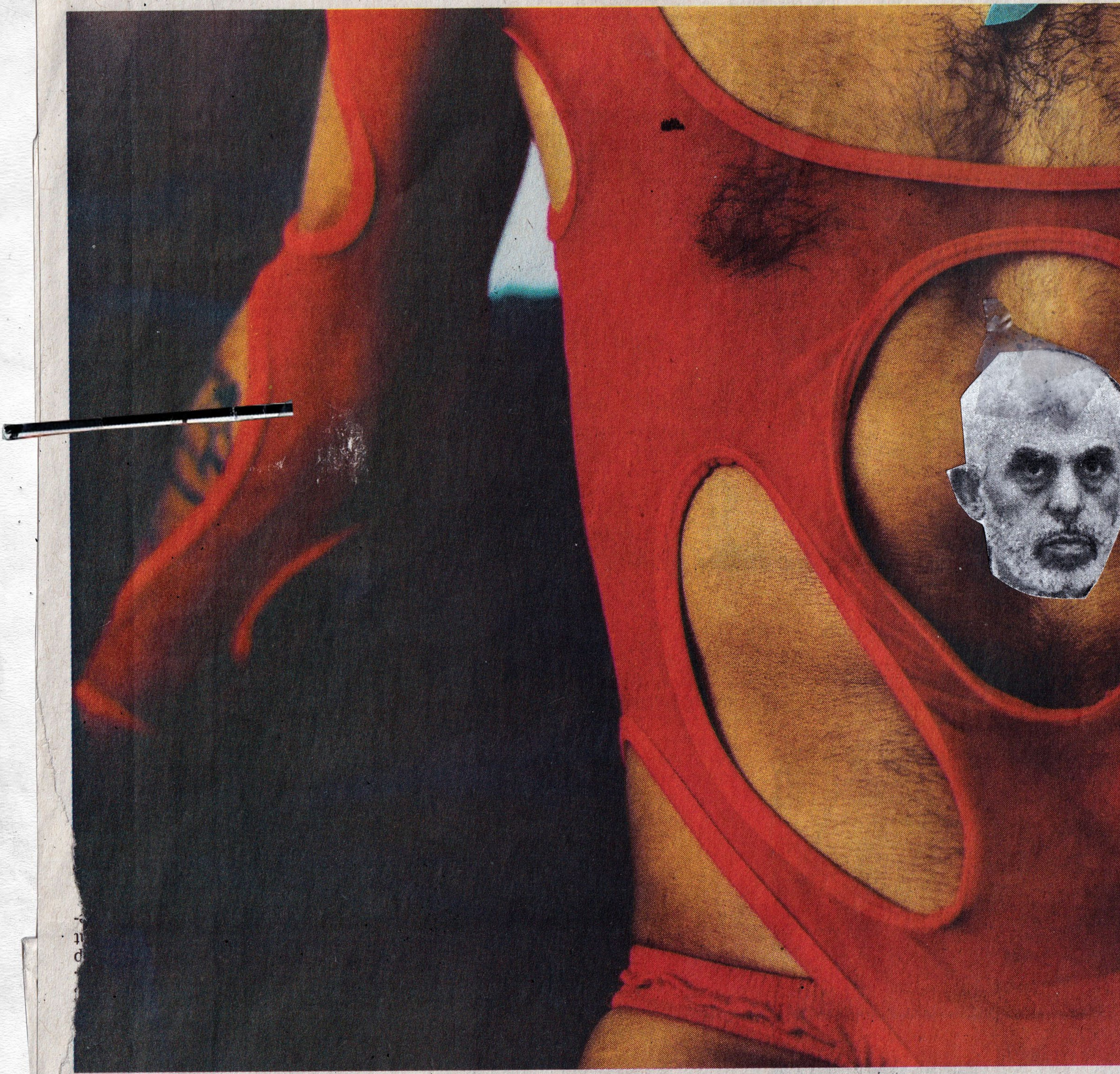
CHANDAN KHANNA/AFP VIA GETTY IMAGES

YOUTUBE

Saleh Aljafarawi

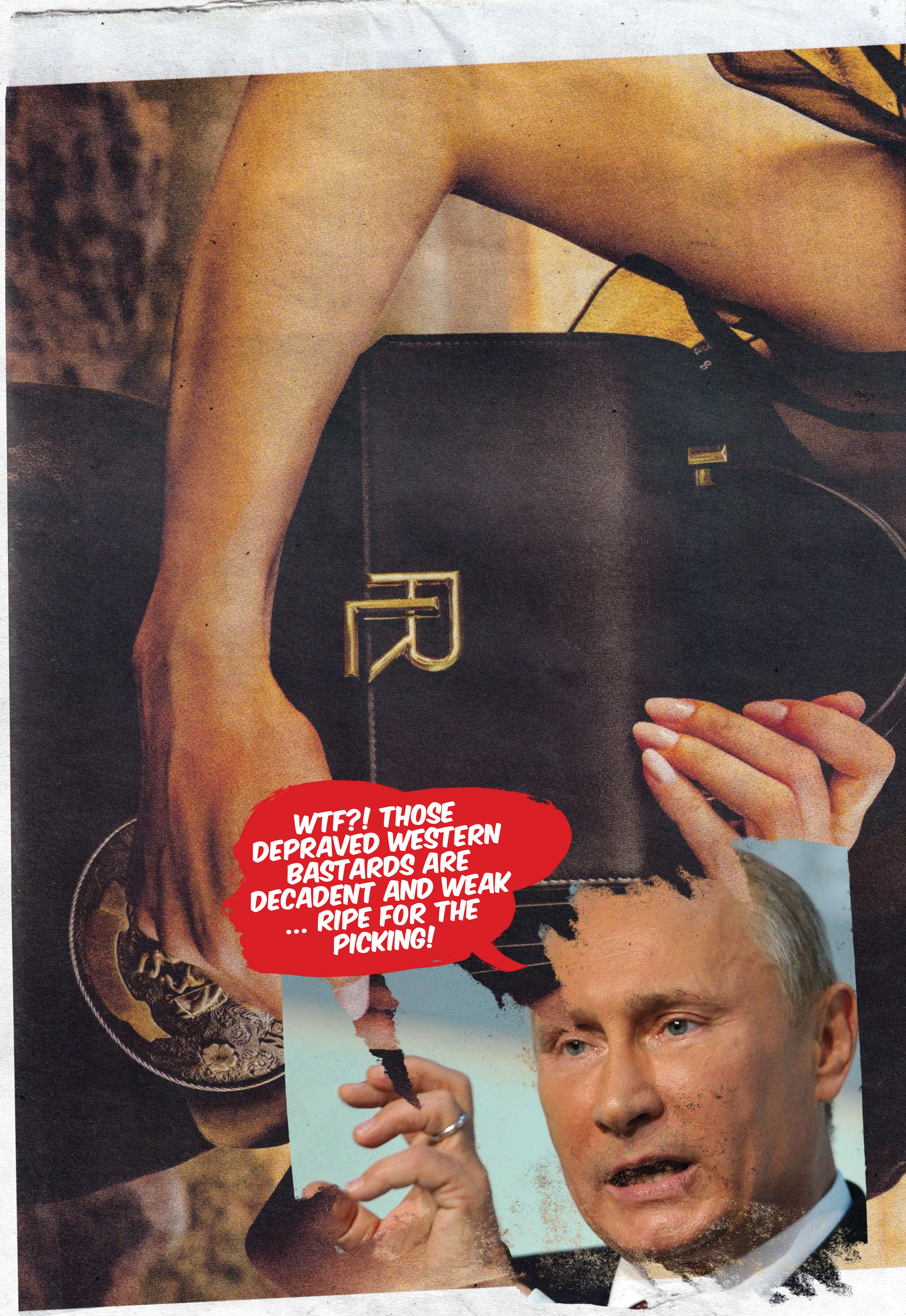
lost control of the world order?

ILIA YEFIMOVICH/PICTURE ALLIANCE VIA GETTY IMAGES



Sexy Lingerie for Men Is Here

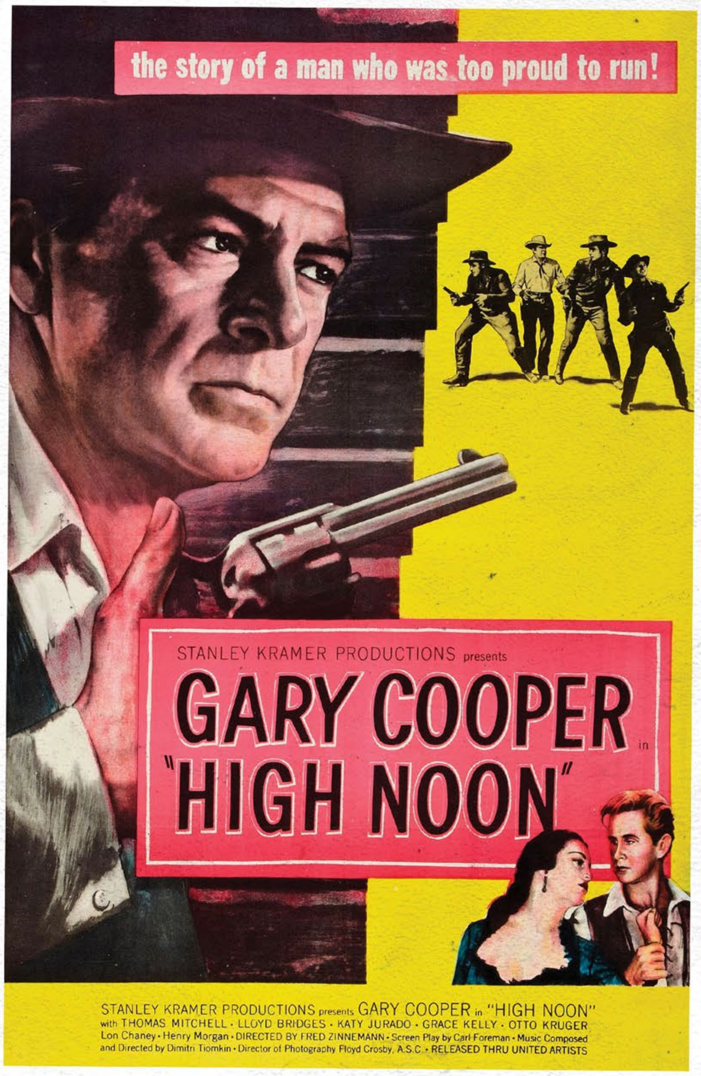
JUSTIN J WEE FOR THE



WTF?! THOSE DEPRAVED WESTERN BASTARDS ARE DECADENT AND WEAK ... RIPE FOR THE PICKING!

IT'S
HIGH NOON IN AMERICA

In *High Noon,* Gary Cooper played the sheriff of a town terrorized by a killer and his posse. As the hour of the score-settling shootout approaches, he walks around looking for someone to stand with him. Everyone demurs. Nobody has the guts. Finally at High Noon, the sheriff stands alone. He squares off with the gang and shoots them down one by one. In the final scene of the movie, with Tex Ritter's *Ballad of High Noon* playing in the background — *Do not forsake me, oh, my darling* — he tosses his sheriff's badge into the dirt and rides out of town with the love of his life.


the story of a man who was too proud to run!
STANLEY KRAMER PRODUCTIONS presents
GARY COOPER in
"HIGH NOON"
STANLEY KRAMER PRODUCTIONS presents GARY COOPER in "HIGH NOON"
with THOMAS MITCHELL · LLOYD BRIDGES · KATY JURADO · GRACE KELLY · OTTO KRUGER
Lon Chaney · Henry Morgan · DIRECTED BY FRED ZINNEMANN · Screen Play by Carl Foreman · Music Composed
and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin · Director of Photography Floyd Crosby, A.S.C. · RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Gary Cooper *was* America. That was the kind of frontier justice the United States stood for and upheld post WWII. Hitler didn't know enough not to mess with us. After that we led a rules-based world order that was prosperous, optimistic and full of grand ideals.

Now it's High Noon in America once again.

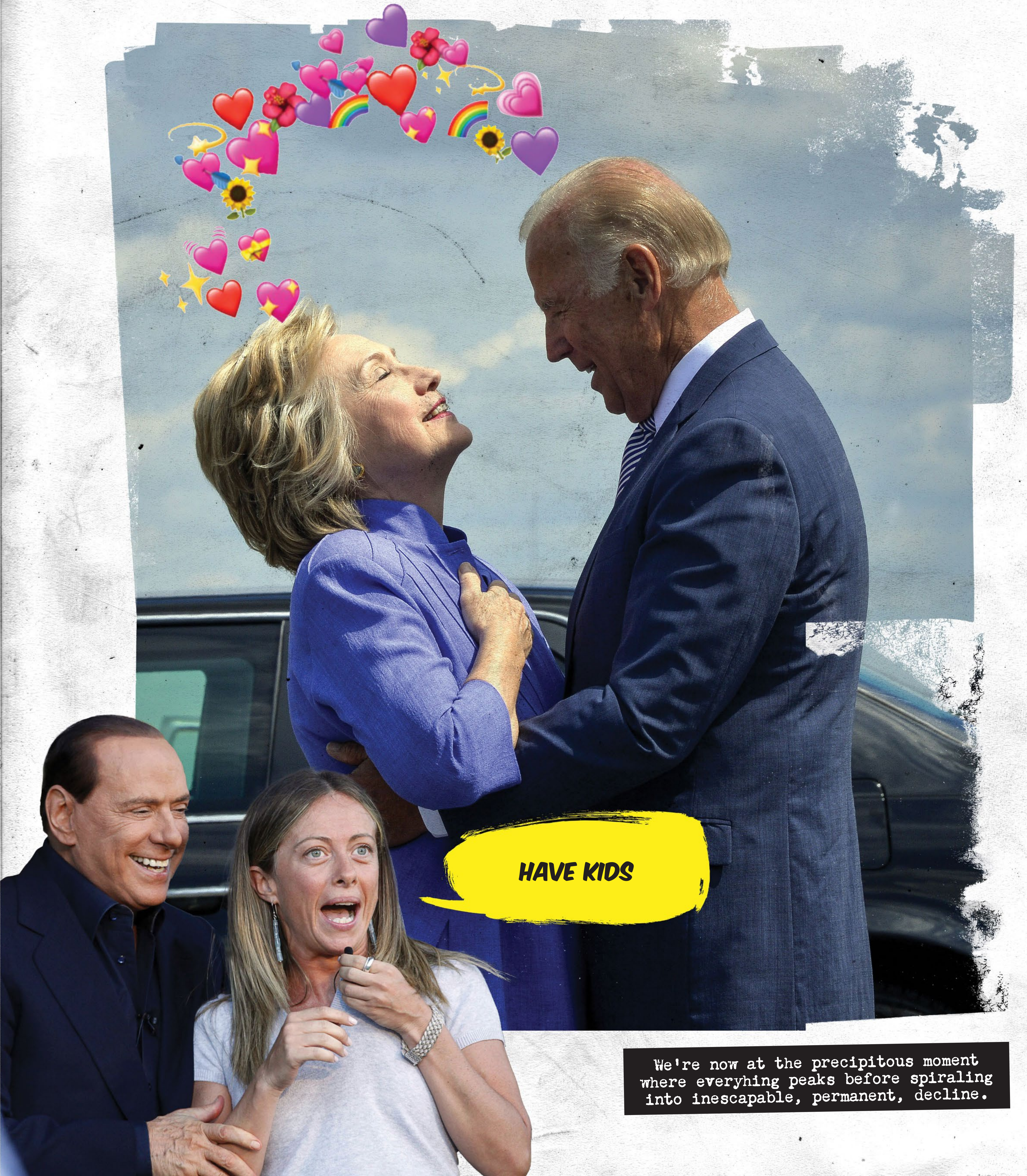
Only this time a new sheriff has donned the tin badge and is roostering around thinking he's the new Gary Cooper, here to clean up Dodge.

The shootout on November 5th could kick off a civil war.

— Kalle Lasn

DEMOCRACY CLUB

ALEX TETREAULT



We're now at the precipitous moment where everyhing peaks before spiraling into inescapable, permanent, decline.

DO YOU HAVE TO DO THIS IN PUBLIC?

LUDOVIC MARIN, POOL VIA AP

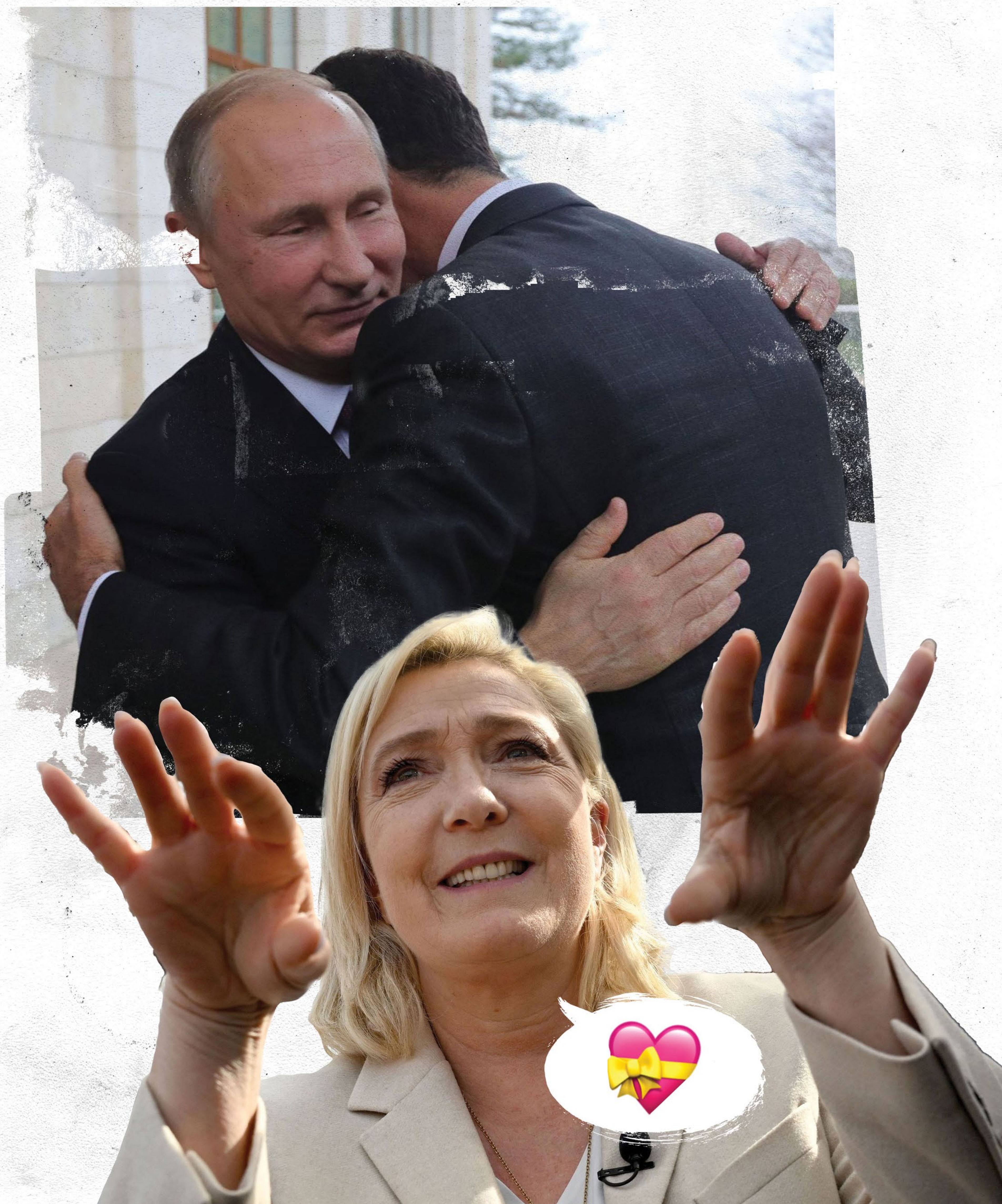
LUDOVIC MARIN/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

We're governed by a bunch of political animals whose sole aim is incumbency...

The first rule of Democracy Club is
to get re-elected.

... doing fuck-all to fix our climate crisis!

The second rule of Democracy Club
is to get re-elected.

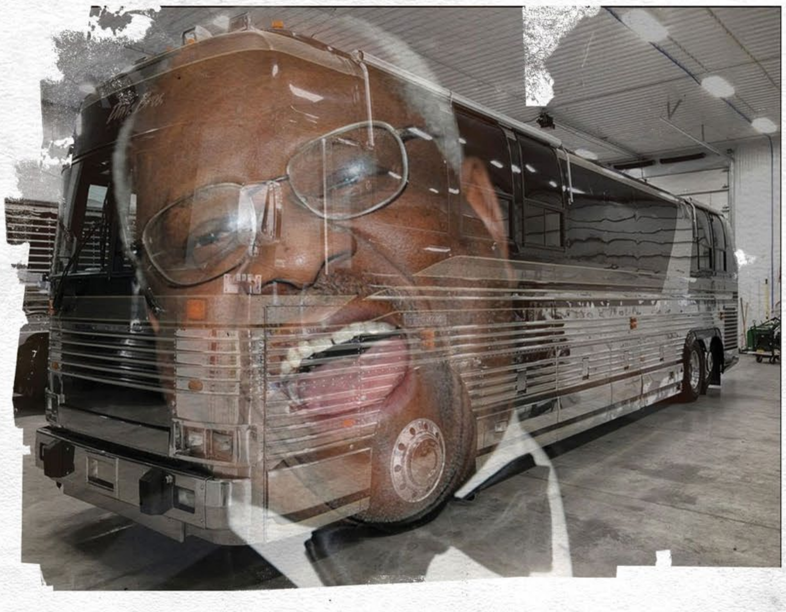


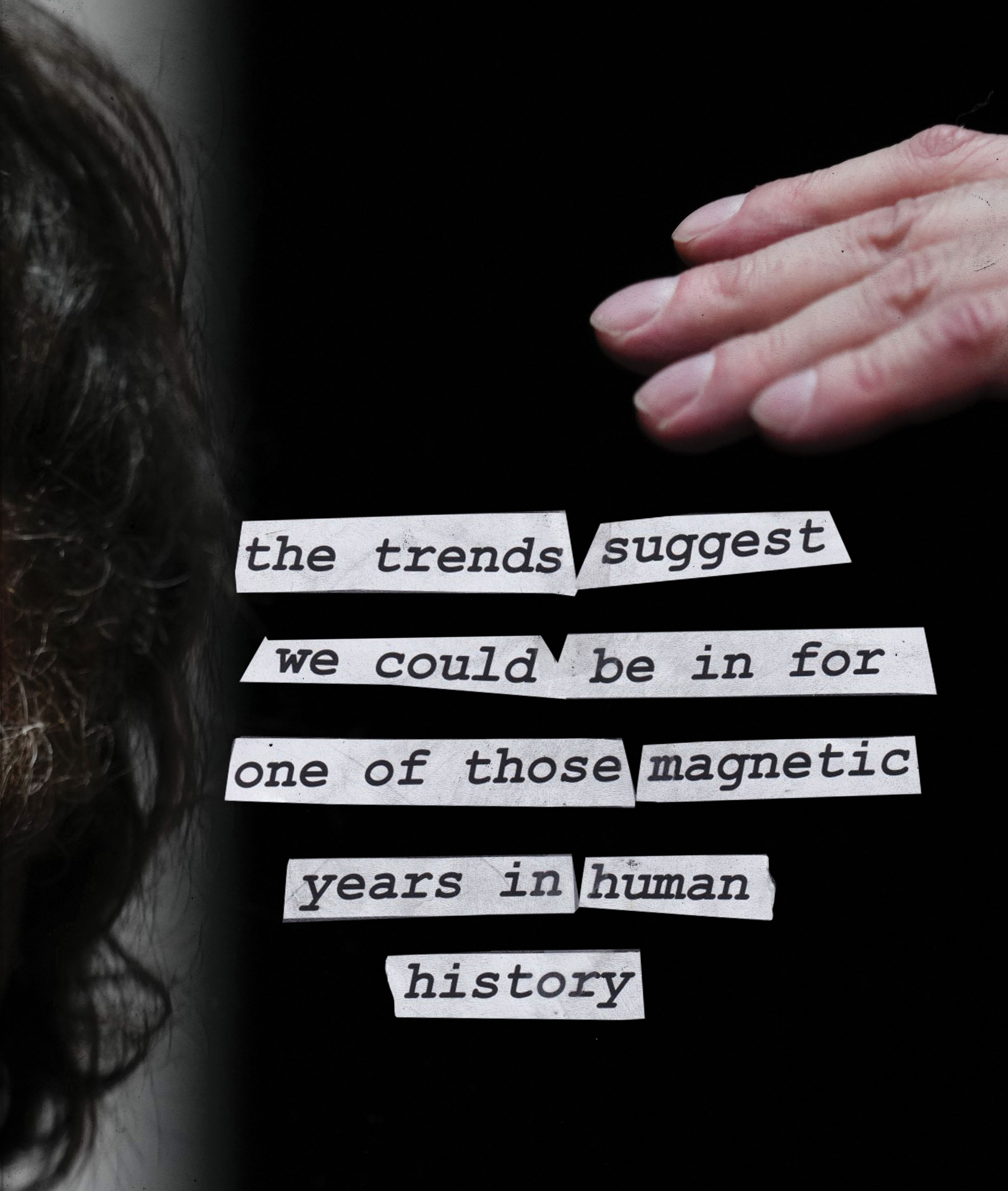
VALERIA MONGELLI / BLOOMBERG VIA GETTY IMAGES

The great strength of the authoritarians who oppose liberal principles, from Trump to Xi to Hamas, is that they play straight into the primordial sources of meaning that are deeper than individual preference — faith, family, soil and flag.

— David Brooks

WE HAVEN'T HIT PEAK POPULISM YET

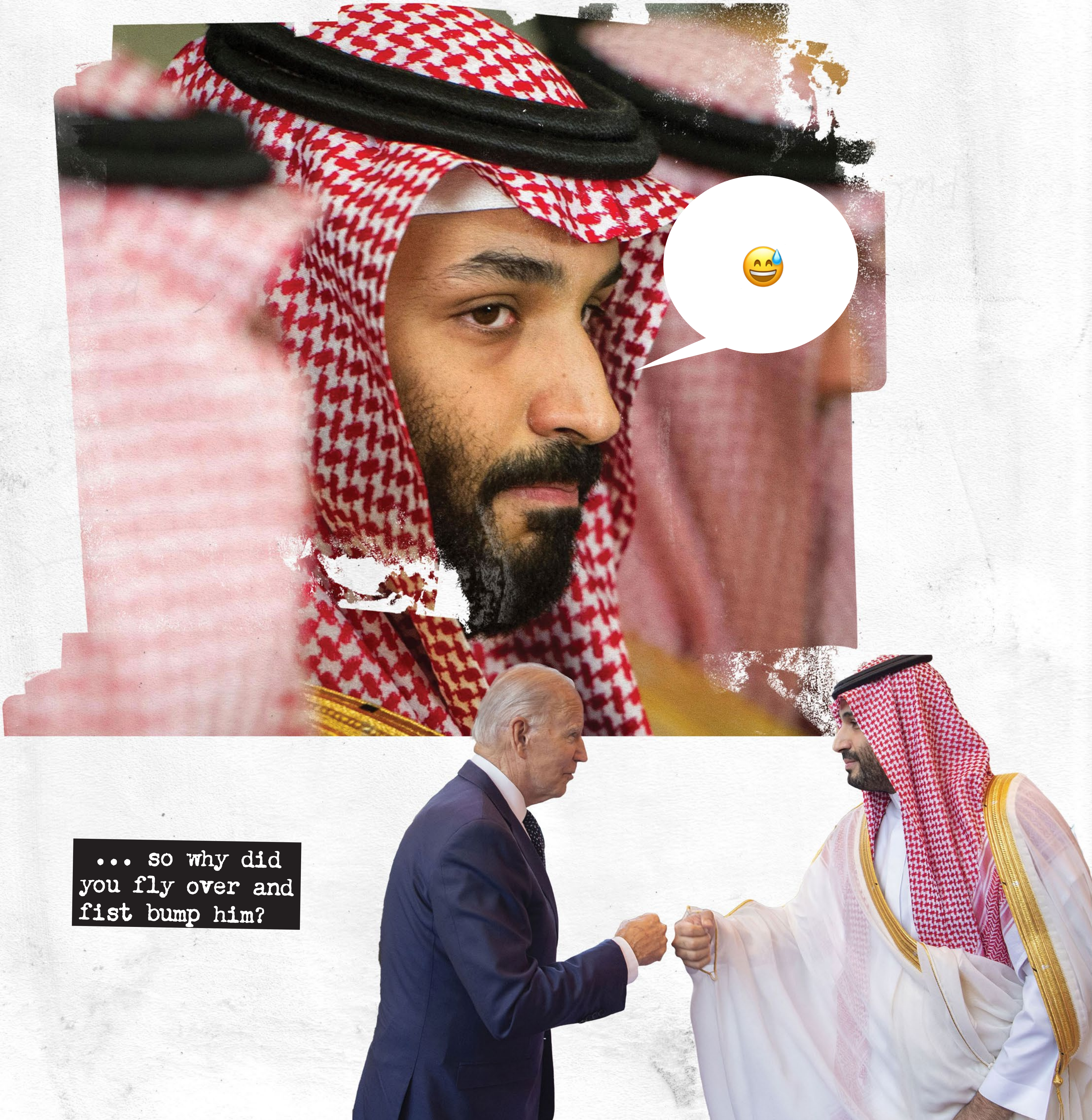




the trends suggest
we could be in for
one of those magnetic
years in human
history

HEY JOE,

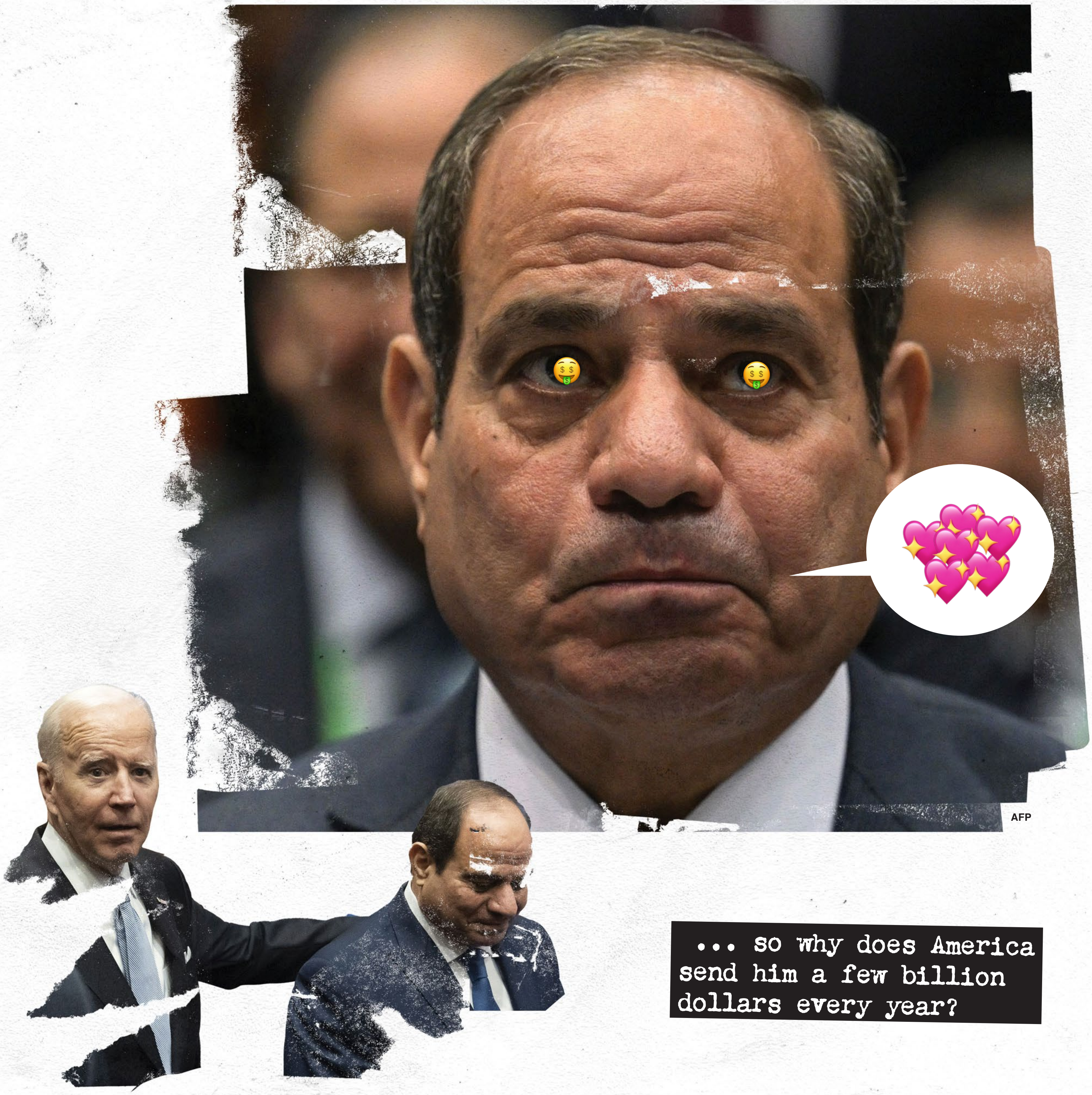
this guy sawed up Khashogi's body and dumped the pieces where they will never be found...



... so why did you fly over and fist bump him?

THIS GUY

"disappears" and tortures political prisoners ...



AFP

... so why does America send him a few billion dollars every year?

China Is Eating America's Lunch

Back in the 1970s, America made a strategic blunder. It was the #1 manufacturing nation in the world, and it figured it could coast. It didn't worry about defending its position. Instead, it turned to the finance and the service industry and bet big here.

Now the chickens have come home to roost.

I went to Costco to buy a big-screen TV expecting to spend three or four, maybe even five thousand bucks. And sure enough, there were SONYs and Samsungs for around that price. But then a salesperson pointed me to a new Chinese TV that had just come in at $1950. He said China is about to dominate the industry. And the same thing will soon happen with automobiles too, he said. Chinese EVs costing less that $10,000 will wipe out the European and American auto brands.

In May, Biden imposed a 100% tariff on Chinese electric cars. He said it's to counter unfair Chinese subsidies and practices. *The New York Times* and most of the Western media also spun it that way, running a bunch of stories justifying the tariffs. China was deliberately positioned as the villain.

The sad truth is that in many critical industries, America simply can't compete anymore. Without tariffs, the American auto industry would die.

It all goes back to that stupid industrial policy mistake America made half a century ago, putting it on the downslope. — KL

the Seagull

CHINA $10000
ELECTRIC CAR
BYD

Designed by a former Lamborghini designer, this tiny electric car starts at less than $10,000 in China.

THIS GUY

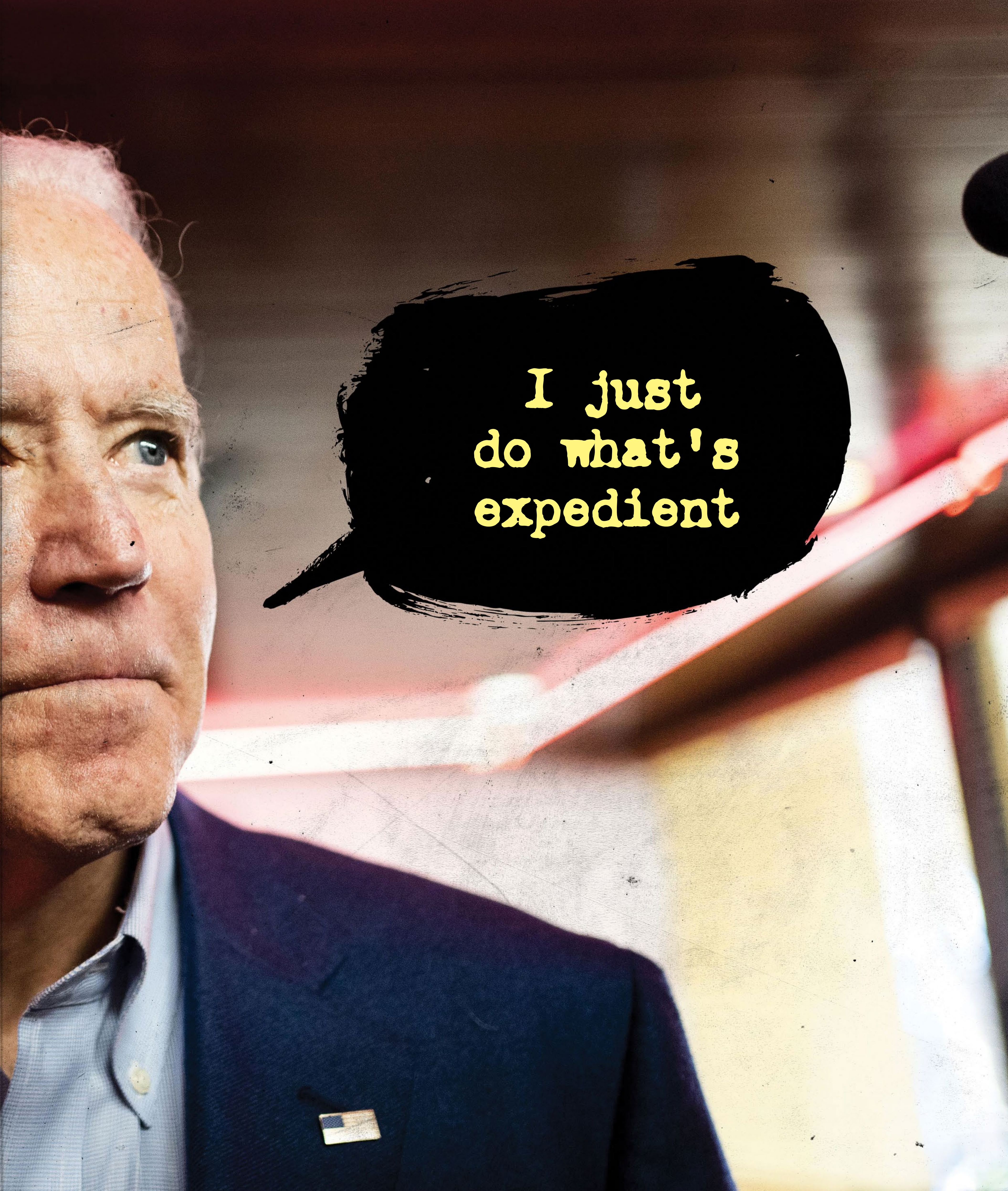
is ethnically cleansing Tibet and Xinjiang and killing the spirit of Hong Kong...

but you don't have the guts to call him out on it.

China sends four shipping containers' worth of exports to America for each container of imports that comes the other way. That's an alarming trade surplus.

I am value-free

MELINA MARA / THE WASHINGTON POST VIA GETTY IMAGES


I just do what's expedient

On Tour in Europe, Xi
Offers an Alternative
To a U.S. World Order

Dear Joe,

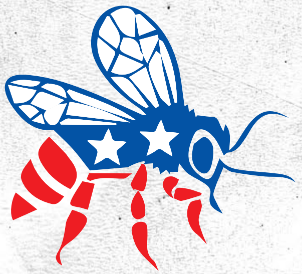
After your debate debacle, here's a way for you to still break through:

You stand up in front of the American people and explain -- POINT BY POINT -- why the 2020 election was NOT stolen ...

then fly over to Israel and give an electrifying speech at the Knesset outlining your vision of the two-state future ...

then head to the General Assembly of the United Nations and deliver a rousing challenge to Xi's alternative paradigm ...

and finally, you stun the imagination of the world: Declare a GLOBAL CLIMATE EMERGENCY, call a WORLD SUMMIT and take the lead in fixing our climate crisis!



HISTORY

УКРАЇНСЬКА ДОБРОВОЛЬЧА АРМІЯ

DOES NOT...

Last March, I stayed overnight in the Palestinian village of Mu'arrajat, in the Jordan Valley on the occupied West Bank, with other activists, in what we call "protective presence" — a concerted effort to protect Palestinian villagers from the rampages of armed Israeli settlers who are terrorizing them day and night. Mu'arrajat now has two settler outposts at its throat, one deep in the grazing grounds of the Palestinian shepherds (forbidden territory for them since the war in Gaza began) and another on the hill above the village. In October settlers from these outposts were stopping Palestinians' cars on the highway and telling their occupants that they had twenty-four hours to leave their homes and that they would be killed if they refused. A few weeks ago these settlers came into the village and dug a row of empty graves near the school — a sign of what they want to do to the people of Mu'arrajat.

Violent intrusions by masked, heavily armed settlers, often together with soldiers, are by now routine. The honorific term "soldiers" in the Jordan Valley and the South Hebron Hills really refers to paramilitary units, in uniform, made up of settlers who have been armed by Itamar Ben-Gvir, the convicted criminal and Jewish supremacist whom Benjamin Netanyahu appointed minister of national security in November 2022. They are a law unto themselves.

The settlers' mantra — "Get out or we will kill you" — has been repeated in nearly all the villages in the Jordan Valley and the South Hebron Hills. Most of our friends in the villages have heard it. Usually it is uttered in the course of attacks on Palestinian homes, sheep pens, food supplies water tanks and wells, wind turbines, and anything else the invaders can wreck. Sometimes these settlers shoot at the villagers and kill sheep and goats. We know of at least sixteen Palestinian villages that have evacuated because of the ceaseless settler violence backed by the army; many more are barely hanging on. International pressure has had some impact on the situation, but for the most part the settlers are winning this miniwar. They tend to be fanatical men or adolescent boys, brainwashed, apocalyptic, and messianic, who have emerged from the dark and brutal undercurrents of religious Zionism. They want to rid the West Bank of all non-Jews (and maybe some secular Jews as well) in order to hasten the arrival of the Messiah, who is scheduled to turn up as soon as this campaign of ethnic cleansing is completed. But the ideological motivation is only part of the story; we who have seen these people in action, who have met them in the field, can confirm that many of them are driven by sheer sadistic pleasure.

— From *Israel: The Way Out* by David Shulman, in *The New York Review of Books*

FORGIVE LOSERS

BIDEN
HARRIS

Hey Kalle, it's Barack Obama.

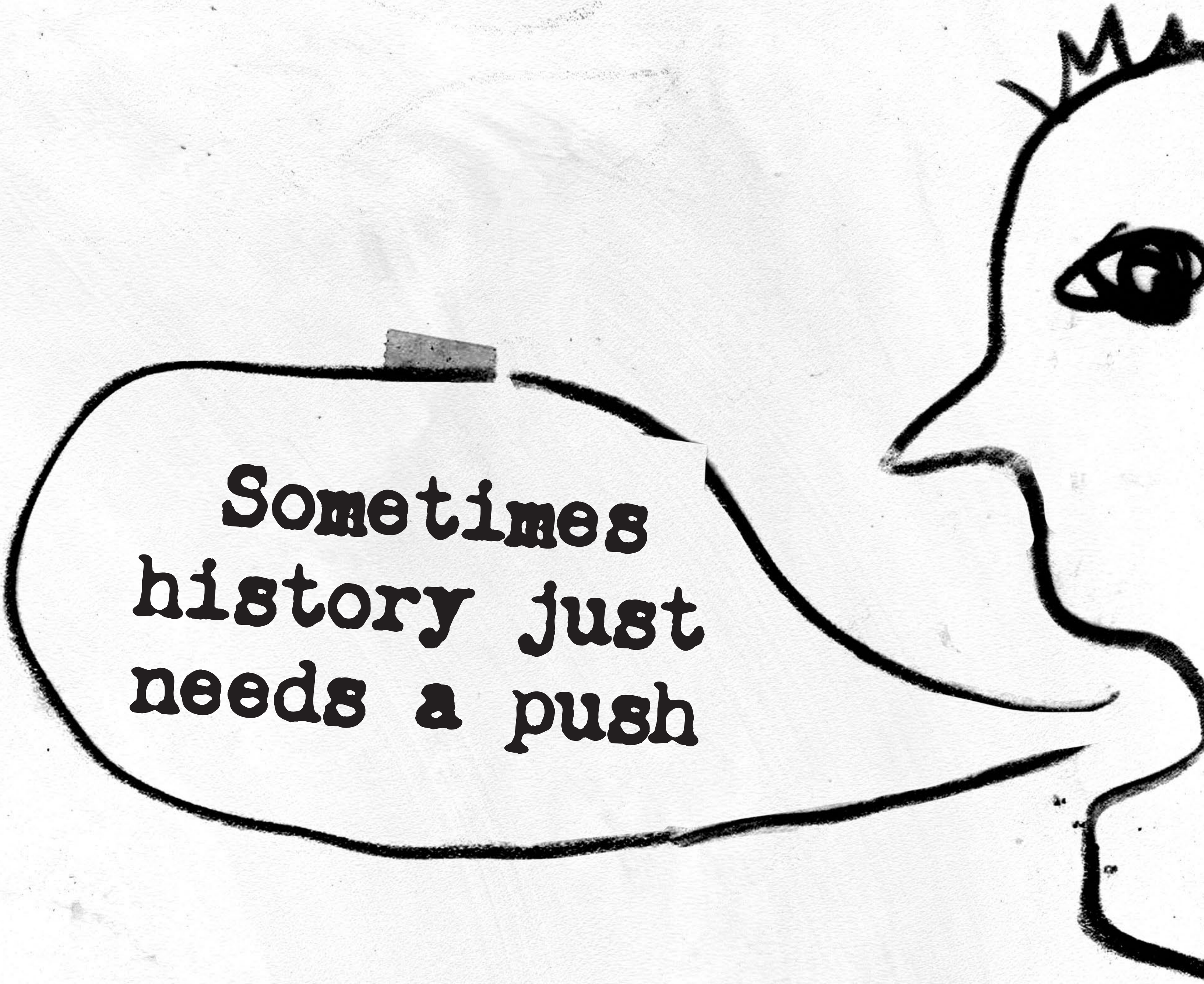
You know how I feel: Reelecting my friends Joe and Kamala is reason enough to pitch in a few bucks. But today, we're sweetening the deal.

Any supporter who donates to this email will have a chance to join me and President Biden in Los Angeles, California.

Oh, and a couple of A-list movie stars will be there, too: **George Clooney and Julia Roberts.**

You read that right. Joe, George, Julia, and I want to meet one lucky supporter (and their guest) in Hollywood. You don't want to miss out on this, Kalle. **Chip in $25 to Team Biden-Harris right now to be automatically entered to win this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.**

$10 ... $25 ... $50 ... an algorithm keeps sending me these urgent appeals for bucks ... fuck, I get three, sometimes five of these emails a day.


Sometimes history just needs a push

I AM THE DEAD END OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
ADBUSTERS
BEYOND LEFT & RIGHT
THE MANDELA MOMENT WILL COME
Marwan Barghouti IS THE Palestinian MANDELA
#FREEBARGHOUTI
#FREEPALESTINE

COVER & BACK COVER DESIGN
PEDRO INOUE

BASE

OFFICE GURU
Ellina Rabbat
OFFICE MANAGER
Jisoo Im

NEWSSTAND DISTRIBUTION
CMG Distribution Services, Inc.
POSTAL SERVICE APC
PRINTING LSC Communications
ACCOUNTING Jisoo Im
NEWSSTAND CONSULTANT
Thomas Smith
PUBLISHER Kalle Lasn

Every care has been taken to trace copyright holders for images and text in this issue. However, if we have omitted anyone we apologize and will, if informed, make corrections.

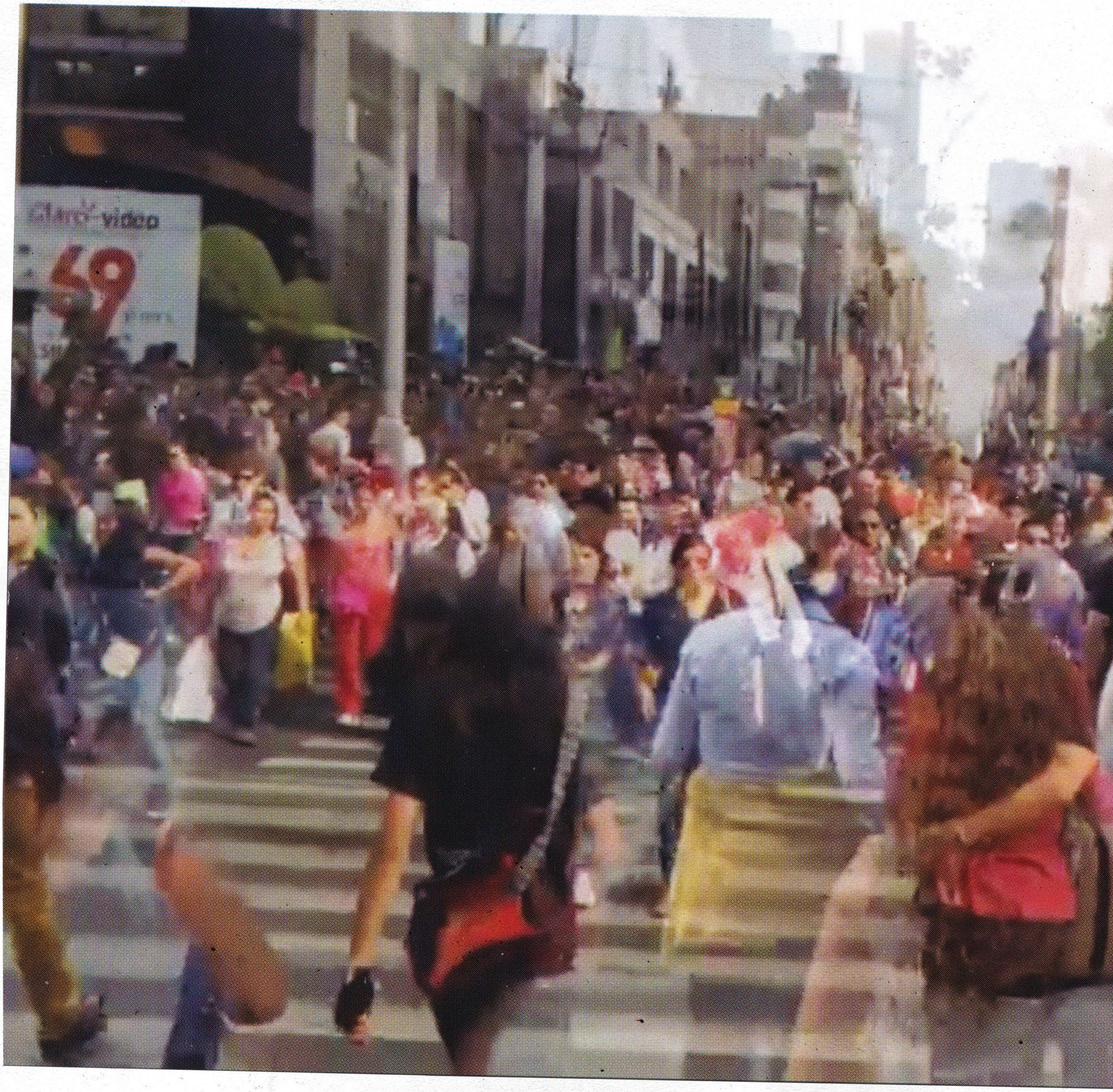
DISCLAIMER: The views expressed in Adbusters magazine, and Adbusters online, do not necessarily reflect the views held by all of Adbusters Media Foundation's past, present, or future creative or administrative staff, affiliates, contractors, sponsors, or community.

For reprint permission, contact reprints@adbusters.org

Portions of the magazine may be photocopied for educational purposes. Adbusters magazine is published by Adbusters Media Foundation.

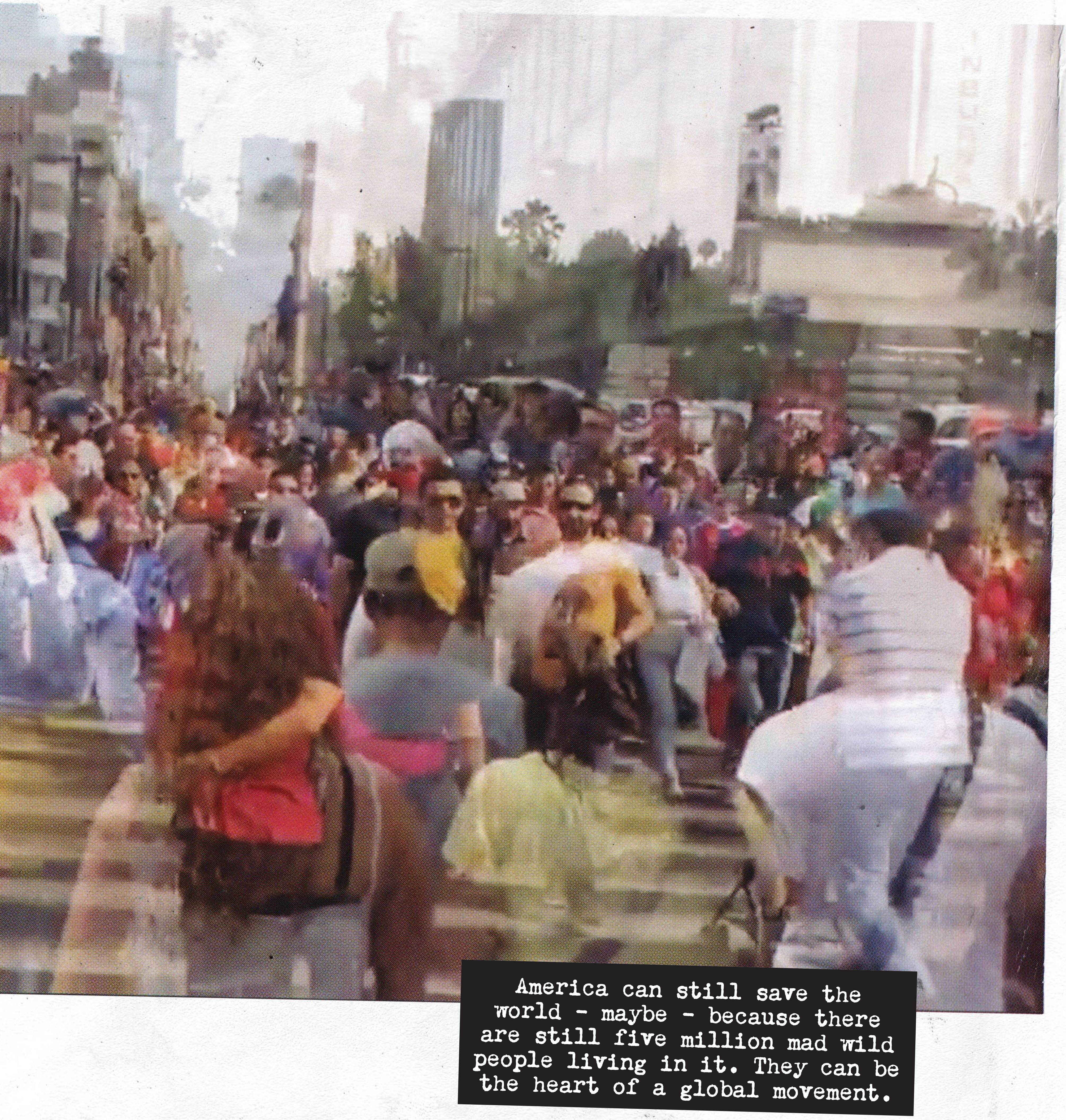
GST#R127330082, ISBN/ISSN 0847-9097.

© Copyright 2024 by Adbusters Media Foundation.
All Rights Reserved. Printed in the USA.


claro video
49

DAMON AYERS & TESSIE WARD // LEONARDO MAGAZINE

Can Western civilization rediscover its values?



America can still save the world - maybe - because there are still five million mad wild people living in it. They can be the heart of a global movement.

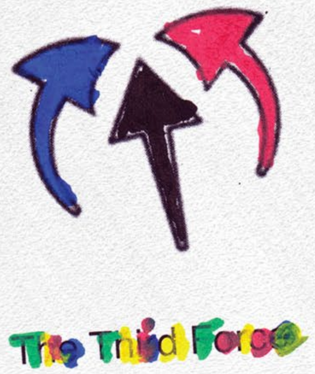
People are coming together online to craft new ways of influencing policy, wielding power and self-governing ourselves. We're moving beyond any domestic political paradigm and for the first time in human history, starting to think and act as a global community.

We are the advance guard — folks who yesterday were quite comfortable in their jobs, their families, their communities, only to be lurched awake to discover that they are victims of a corpo-capitalist Ponzi scheme beyond imagining.

We're not a political party. Nobody voted for us. We don't identify as Left or Right.

Like any real breakthrough political force must be, we are a synthesis of opposites. From now on, politics will no longer be the usual slugfest between ideological shadow-selves. A third player with a radical new agenda has joined the fray.

From now on, politics will look like this:



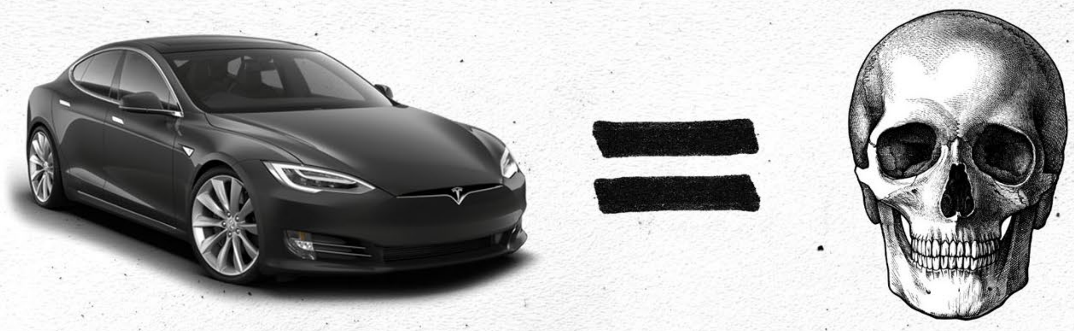
Our elected governments, the United Nations, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund will continue to function much as they always have. They will repair the roads, collect the taxes, run the courts, deliver the mail, give financial aid to developing countries and send peacekeepers to conflict areas. But now they'll have to deal with this unsilenceable new voice demanding systemic transformation on multiple fronts.

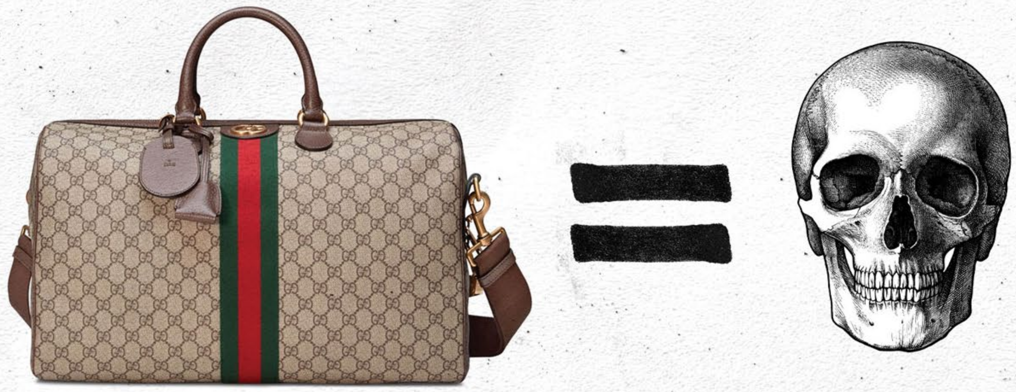
When we the people feel our leaders aren't paying attention, are mishandling things and veering off course; when the yawning gap between the between the haves and the have-nots grows too wide; when corporations become too arrogant, Wall Street too greedy, secrecy too pervasive and surveillance too invasive; when the norms, values and precepts that underlie our way of life are violated . . . that's when the Third Force rises up and sets things right.

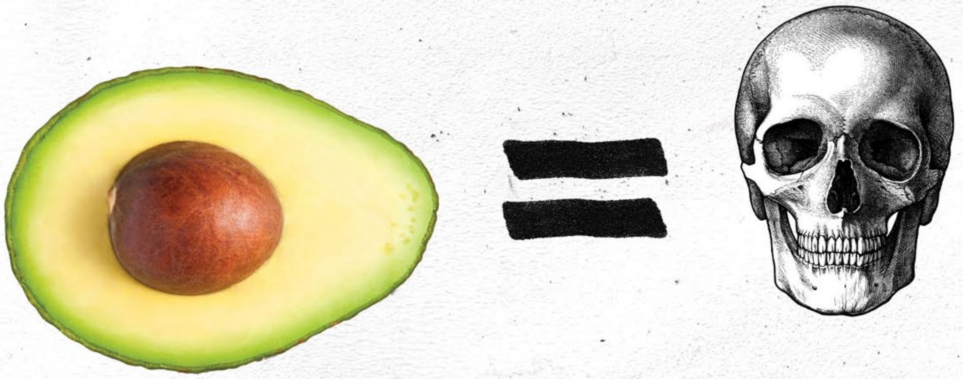
— From *Manifesto for World Revolution*

WHAT IS THE
TRUE COST?

Only a tiny fraction of our purchases reflect their true cost. Every purchase is essentially a mistake.







If we keep repeating that mistake, trillions of times a day, year after year, we're headed for global system collapse.

All the ecological costs of manufacturing, marketing, shipping, distributing each product should be baked in to the price.

C4e17 4L15M

TO SURVIVE THE 21ST CENTURY, WE NEED A TRUE COST REVOLUTION

SEPTEMBER 15–21 2024

FUCK YOU

WORLD LEADERS WEEK

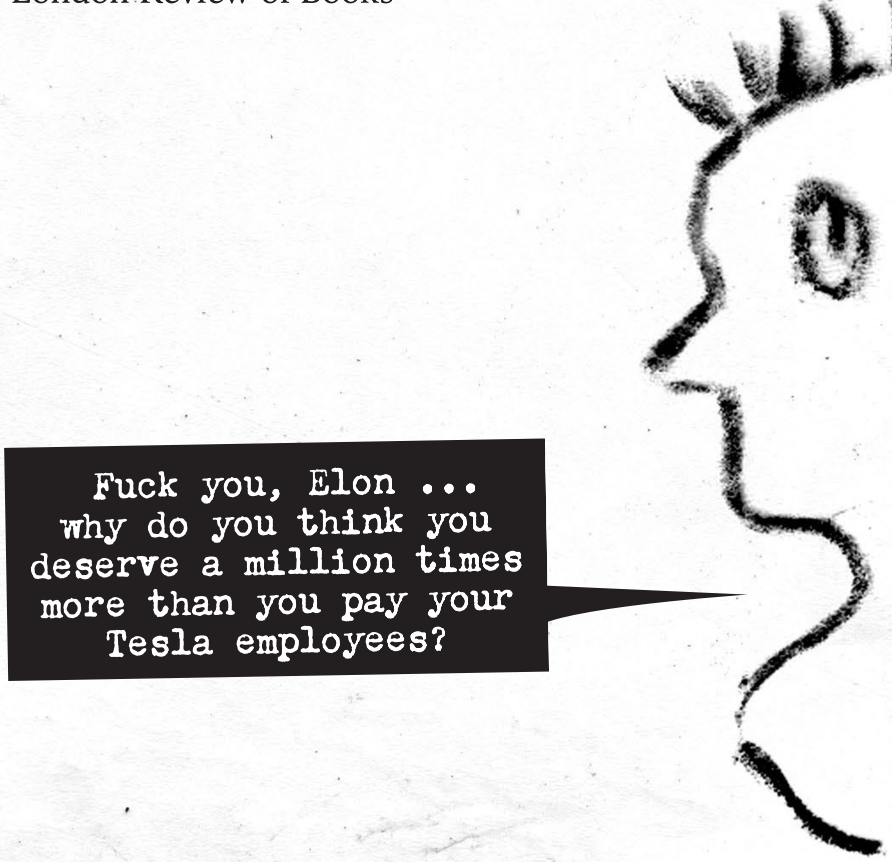
WE THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD
DEMAND YOU DECLARE A
CLIMATE EMERGENCY,
CALL A WORLD SUMMIT, AND
COME UP WITH A STRATEGY TO CURB CARBON EMISSIONS.

My $50 billion pay package

psycho

Bill Gates, the world's eighth richest person, has his own island in Belize. Oracle's Larry Ellison, the world's fourth richest person, owns 98 per cent of the Hawaiian island of Lanai, resort hotels and all, which he's made an inhospitable place for anyone who's not enormously wealthy. According to *Wired*, Zuckerberg's private compound covering 1400 acres of the Hawaiian island of Kauai includes multiple mansions and luxury treehouses, plus an underground bunker. (Tech billionaires often seem more interested in surviving the apocalypse than preventing it.) Non-disclosure agreements bind the construction workers who built it, and a long wall shuts off outsiders from any view of the sea while making access to the public beach extremely difficult.

— *In the Shadow of Silicon Valley*, by Rebecca Solnit, London Review of Books


Fuck you, Elon ... why do you think you deserve a million times more than you pay your Tesla employees?

WEB

WEB WIZARD **Marco van der Meer**
SOCIAL SKALD **William Davies**
DATA DADDY **Joey Malbon**

Exxon polluted the oceans and air and brought about the ECOCALYPSE. Now Meta is polluting our mental environment and triggering the PSYCHOCALYPSE. To survive the 21st century, we have to wipe them both out!

Mental Liberation Front
MANIFESTO

* * *

Rise up, hybrid creature!

Break free!

Liberate yourself from
algorithmic mindfuck!

Halt the secret extraction
and manipulation of your
personal data!

Destroy surveillance
capitalism! Topple the
mindlords. Demolish
the spy panopticon.

Halt your descent
into madness.

Take back your mind!

👊

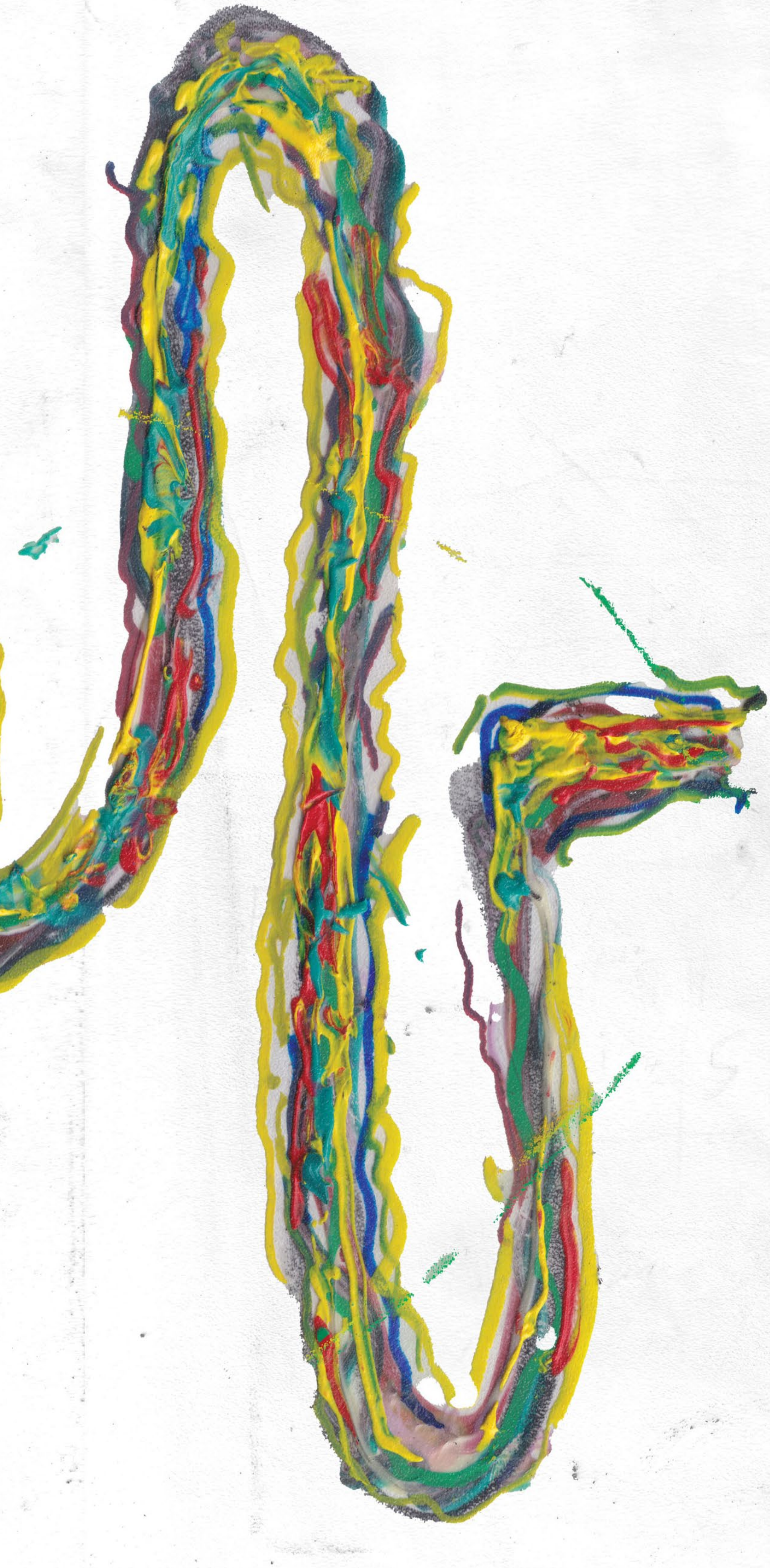
* * *

...ate checkmate!
...e move?
Rh1+, Kxh1, Ng3+, Kg1, Rh1#)
28
SWISS MOVADO AUTOMATIC

yes or no,
zero or one,
plus or minus,
Left or Right.

There may come a time when the logic of efficient production simply ceases to be logical.

OWN TIME
ADE SINCE 1881



MARCH 25: FULL WORM MOONDAY

If you looked into the sky before dawn on Monday, you may have seen the worm moon.

That’s the name some Native Americans give the March full moon because that’s when the soil warms and earthworms emerge. Others call it the crust moon, when snow melts and refreezes, or the sap moon, when maple trees are tapped.

But we had little snow to melt because this winter was the warmest on record for the lower 48 states, and my friends tapped their trees in February. This makes me wonder: Which signs of spring still align with such ancient wisdom?

~Daryln Brewer Hoffstot

bioconsciousness

If you tack the prefix "bio" in front of every facet of life, policy decisions and new ways of living snap into clarity.

When we draw up a "true cost" pricing scheme to restructure markets so they align with ecological sustainability, that's *bioeconomics*.

When we talk about replacing mass, for-profit incarceration with a restorative-justice model — a systemic solution that invests the whole community in the problem of crime — that's *biojustice*.

When we organize en masse through the flocking signal of social media, that's *biocommunication*.

When we grow our own food, that's *bioconsciousness*.

So it goes. Your economy is a *bioeconomy*, in the sense that every human action pushes on something that pushes on something that puts a dent in the natural world. Every market transaction is a *biotransaction* that impacts the earth one way or another.

What should we do
with the hundreds of tons
of leaves that collect on our city streets
each fall? So far our best idea is to use
gas-powered leaf blowers to push
them back and forth.

In the future, maybe City Halls
will collect, compost and ship
them free of charge to
surrounding farms.

This kind of thinking is hard
to imagine within the capitalist
free-market system. But... Aw fuck,
City Halls everywhere
should be doing
more stuff like that.

Tell them!

As the planet degrades,

a new meaning, a new aesthetic emerges.

Lately I get lost in my garden.

It's become my refuge, the source of my calmness and base of my spiritual quest.

There I feel the joy of putting a seed in the ground at just the right moment and watch life sprout . . . there in late Spring I taste the thrill of broad beans quickly boiled with a teaspoon of butter & dash of soy sauce . . . and there in mid Summer I thrust my hand into the Earth and pull out a sweet potato.

And lately, something even more profound.

I used to be the vegetable guy. Masako, the love of my life for over half a century, was the one who planted the flowers. But now that she is bedridden and needing lots of care, the roles have changed. Now I'm the flower guy . . . *Cosmos, Sunflowers, Marygolds, Forget Me Nots* . . . this spring, as my desire to grow vegetables and eat them sharpened, all of a sudden — *POW!* — I have a wild, primitive need to plant flowers, too. I went crazy!

So peppered throughout my rows and plots and pots this year, there are not only veggies to eat, but flowers — wild and gorgeous — to behold.

Feels like in a very personal way I'm experiencing what I've been talking about in *Adbusters* lately: The birth of a new aesthetic — a vibe shift from straight-line to wobbly thinking.

— KL

why are
so many of us
Spiritually
unfulfilled?

Outfox the algorithms! One man's attempt to live one day absolutely free

As a once-and-future free-range human, I've been thinking about how to shake off the commercial algorithms that have hacked into my life and are now driving it. The key, I've concluded, is novelty. Whether it's true, as the ethobotanist and psychonaut Terence McKenna claimed, that the pursuit of novelty is "the only one way to live a truly progressive life," it's a mighty tempting strategy to air out. "From a species perspective, the job of each individual is to be unlike anyone who's living or who ever lived," McKenna wrote. "To do things, and react to things, in a way no one has quite done before."

This is of course pretty much an act of cultural treason. There's a reason *Atomic Habits* was a #1 world bestseller and nobody has written *Atomic Novelty*. Habits are safe. Flout them and people in charge start furrowing their brows, because now you're likely to start breaking rules, too. Even the rules of the universe? Many smart people claim we don't actually have free will, even though it feels like we do. I decided to engineer a day that tests that discouraging premise — a day where you chase free will around, trying to outfox it. The experiment wouldn't really prove anything one way or the other. But it might yield some … unexpected returns.

Humans have around 60,000 thoughts every day. The bad news is that ninety five percent of them are the same thoughts we had yesterday. That's good to know, because now you can strategize. You can step down, a little, from the brute repetition, by pledging to deliberately zig when your first thought is to zag. To try to wrong-foot the universe by calling audibles at every turn. To disrupt patterns as they form. To catch yourself about to do something and then instead do the opposite, like Truman Burbank exposing the charade he has discovered his life to be, maybe catching a glimpse of the stagehand who's hanging the moon in the sky. You are basically REWILDING YOUR ATTENTION by tuning into what one aleatory argonaut called "the true essence of things."

There are people who take a formal approach to this venture. They call themselves "randonauts." One, a former Google software engineer named Max Hawkins, pushes the conceit to an extreme. Building, a half-century later, on a minor 1970s-era craze of "dicing" (inspired by this novel) and by the *I Ching* (the ancient Chinese divination text), a few thousand years earlier, Hawkins started off by using a random-number generator to pick his evening social events. Then he began turning all of his decision-making over to a randomness app he built. There are a lot of benefits to living like this, among them plausible deniability — if it turns out badly, well … blame the dice! Many years ago, when I wrote for the alternative press, my wingman and I gave ourselves a challenge in the same spirit. There was a map of the city on the wall. We had to throw a dart and write a publishable story about the exact spot the dart landed. (Regretfully, we never really followed through on this conceit.)

For today, for this experiment, I decided to raw-dog it. Just set out early and trust my instincts. No apps, no dice, no darts, no random-number-generator spitting out homing co-ordinates. Only the second brain in my gut, that billion-nerve knot.

"Flaneur mode," if you will.

Remember those folks? The flaneurs were free spirits who strode the streets of Paris in the Sixties, giving themselves over to what the Situationists (an experimental performance-art movement) called "the derive." Derive means "drift," and that's what you do: you simply bob about, guided by your own unconscious. You carry on, "letting the day breathe," as the vagabonding travel writer Rolf Potts puts it, "until something interesting happens." And because your mind is parked in the receptive and open position, it inevitably does. Random exploration seems, somehow, to seed the clouds with possibility.

When you're in flaneur mode, as philosopher Walter Benjamin (a big-time fan of the derive) phrased it, you are "storing time in a battery." Really, this is a prescription to recharge your very soul; you are a sniff for what resonates deep within you. I once had a colleague who claimed the only way to break the consumerist trance is to do things that make no sense. Jeff was channeling the poet Basho, who said: 'When you don't know what to do … the answer is: Go climb Mt. Fuji." Flaneuring your way through a day forces you into being surprised by what you encounter. It's like what Proust said is the essence of travel: it isn't really about getting from one place to another. It's about trying to see the world with new eyes.

People plan their lives to the hilt. But to my mind the true gift, the real jam, is in the opportunity to embrace, and relish, what we did not choose. "Uncertainty is actually much more pleasurable," David Krakauer, the chief scientist of the Santa Fe Institute, told science writer Christie Aschwanden not long ago. Uncertainty is the great moment-to-moment thrill of science, art, all human endeavor.

And so. A day of CONCENTRATED UNCERTAINTY awaits.

Ready?

Let's cabbage.

It's not yet 9 am but traffic is already thickening near English Bay as we cut our way through the city. The girls are out of town, so it's just Penny and me. Penny's our golden retriever. Luckily, she had no other plans.

The trick, I have decided, is to get into a kind of Zen frame of mind from the get-go. "Set out early and never arrive," as the writer Marty Rubin defined the ideal journey. Ideally, one has already, as Yoko Ono advised, drawn up "a map to get lost." We had no map, just a vague idea of heading south and following our nose.

City traffic, which can feel like a long unbroken river of steel when you're in it, is actually just a bunch of congo lines moving from stoplight to stoplight. You can see that from the air; even at rush hour the roads are mostly uncongested, except for the places where they hellaciously are. Bicyclists didn't worry about any of this. They breeze down Beach Avenue, around the vast wide European-style dedicated lanes the city installed during the pandemic and just left there. Something has happened to my city while I was holed up on the North Shore, waiting for the pasta to boil. It underwent a retrofit. It became a human-powered city. Maybe Copenhagen. For once it's not the driver who feels the privilege and the human-powered folk who are put upon, but the other way around.

I spot a piece of public art on the waterfront that looks worth investigating, and start ratholing through the West End alleys, looking for parking. There's a cool story about the Naskapi First Nations of far Northern Ontario and Quebec. The Naskapi are a hunting and foraging people. Their main source of food is the caribou. When deciding where to look for caribou, the Naskapi hunters use a divination ritual: they heat a caribou bone — typically a shoulder blade — over hot coals, until cracks and spots start to appear on it. "The resulting pattern is used as a map." (This from the anthropologist Joseph Henrich in his book *The Secret of Our Success*.)

This sounds like pure madness. A Naskipi elder had to explain to a skeptical researcher what was going on. Here's something you may not understand about hunting caribou, the elder said: if you visit one location too often, the caribou know to stay away. The best hunting strategy therefore requires complete randomization. That's something very hard for people to voluntarily gin up. It's hard to do something for no reason. We can't resist imposing our ingenuity – a fatal move if you're hunting caribou. To take hubris out of play, the Naskapi fall back on this seemingly loopy, wobbly, mindless tradition of pure chance. And that's what saves them.

I wonder if the same logic could apply to hunting for a parking spot in Vancouver's West End. It ought not to work… but it does!

The dog and I hop out. We've overshot the art by quite a bit. We cross Beach Avenue and just kind of stand there. Scouting.

Penny looks at me like, What's the plan?

We haven't got a plan, I tell her with my eyes. That's the point.

Everyone engages with Penny first. Because she is a babe. I am an afterthought. In the gap, I take a little intentional nonjudgmental pause, to "take the knee-jerk out of the knee-jerk," as the neuroscientist Beau Lotto puts it. Those first thoughts/beliefs that naturally arise, psychologist Ellen Langer calls those "pre-cognitive commitments," and you can wait them out, until you are standing there with more or less a beginner's mind, ready to think something different. This is what appealed to a lot of the early derive: the derive was thought to be a creativity machine, a tool to jar loose wacky new ideas.

Some folks are taking a group picture in front of the giant stone Inukshuk. "Would you like to be in the picture?" I say to the picture taker. It occurs to me, while framing it up, that a very Canadian thing to have happen right now would be for something to now tap me on the shoulder and say, "Would you like to be in the picture?" and before I could explain I was a actually just a passing-by stranger, the group would smilingly go, 'Come on, come in,' and I'd fold into the mix, and the picture taker would ready the shot, and then someone would tap that guy on the shoulder, and so on, and so on. That'd be so Canadian.

This does not happen, though.

Penny and I futz around a bit on the beach.

We are following nobody's footsteps. But we are on a well-trod path more generally. The ancient Greeks were all about these kinds of no-goal, Socratic walks. It didn't matter where you were going; it only mattered where the conversation was going. More recently, Baudelaire pinballed through Paris, and Henry James through Rome, guided by accident. So, there is precedent for these shenanigans. Is there a future in it? Recently, the engineer and writer James Bridle tried to build a private self-driving car that gets as lost as he does. He trained the car to lose track of its initial co-ordinates, "to collaborate in the production of new unforeseen outcomes." Not a smart car, then, but a crazy-like-a-fox car. To Bridle's mind, getting lost is always the more interesting option.

What actually drives … one's behavior when there is no road map for the day? The pull of intuition? Or is it more of a deliberate suppression of first-order thoughts and acts? The neuroscientist Andrew Huberman says he tries, 20 or 30 times a day, to deliberately hit the brakes on what he was about to reflexively do – even if that thing was just answering the phone. He calls it training up the brain's "no go" circuitry. This "active imposition of discipline" imposes a sense of control over your life. It feels good. It relieves stress.

But in a way I think my experiment is the opposite of that. It's about giving up control, releasing yourself into the flow. Which also feels good, in a different way. "I think intention and willpower are highly overrated," June Huh, math professor at Princeton and winner of the Fields medal, told an interviewer recently. "You rarely achieve anything with those things." Huh finds that forcing himself to do something or defining a specific goal — even for something he enjoys — "never works."

It does seem true that each little defeat of the well-grooved neural algorithms, seems to stir up something … not so much discrete new thoughts but a new feeling, a new vibe. Maybe even a new plane of existence? In the film *Everything, Everywhere, All at Once,* people can only "verse jump" – skip to a different groove in the multiverse – by doing something statistically improbable, forcing themselves off the prescribed path.

Back in the car, still in this multiverse as far as I can tell, we head across the Cambie Bridge, through Cedar Cottage (cuz we like the name) and eventually fetch up in Mt. Pleasant cemetery, for no reason than I just remembered that some Titanic survivors are buried here.

I let Penny off leash so she can roll in the freshly mown grass. She soon picks up a scent, and I … just let her go. Now she was taking me for a walk. This is a dodge the French journalist Joel Henry, co-editor of the *Lonely Planet Guide to Experimental Travel,* called Dog's Leg Travel: "Let yourself be led by what interests the dog." Apparently what we are both doing now is of interest to the officer in the dog-bylaw van, who had been waiting all morning to make a collar. He strides over. Takes us in for a few seconds. Then he hands me a ticket.

As he drives away, a neighbor who had been watching the whole thing go down from her porch comes over, furious about this petty-fascist application of the letter of the law. I show her the ticket. It isn't a ticket. It's a list of Vancouver's off-leash parks. The cop who could have ticketed me instead has told me where to go — in the nicest possible way. The fury drains out of this woman's face now. It's as if her whole city has been redeemed.

In the terrific Ben Lerner short story "The Ferry," a man has dropped his son off at school and is taking the subway home. And in this mundane moment the world, or his experience of it, kind of becomes enchanted. It is as if he is in a story. Everything he encounters was carefully chosen. The ticket machine in the Metro that asks him, "Do you want more value or more time?" The cracked mirror that someone has put out on the sidewalk, offered for free ("Still works!"). The whole world has become Chekhovian. The universe has been speaking in a code; it's still not solved but suddenly feels solvable.

We head further west. The Mazda wants to turn on Brunswick, so we do.

Something's going on up ahead. The smell of Mexican gorditas wafting from a food truck draws us in to a crowded park.

There's a philosopher named Byung-Chul Han who has a theory about smell: it has a kind of superpower — it slows time. Smell, he observes, is the only sense you can't fast-forward through. Video, audio you can capture and double-x; even touch you can hustle along in your imagination. But smell's right here now or it's nowhere. It's got you. From this, for Byung-Chul, a kind of life philosophy emerges, a kind of hymn to slow: "it's the experience of duration that counts in life, not the number of experiences." Staccato vanishes like firecrackers, adagio sticks.

The Mount Pleasant Sunday Farmer's Market is in full rhubarb and Penny and I make the rounds. An earnest young environmental activist asks if I'd consider signing a petition, and we're soon in a spirited discussion about fracking (is it all the devil's work, or is fracking for, say, geothermal energy ok?) and I end up with the organization's card in my pocket, like a promissory note.

Nearby, a guy sitting in front of a sculpture known as "Dude Chilling" notices mid-vape that I'm about to take a photo, and obligingly moves out of the frame. (Though this is the opposite of what I was hoping for; I don't want to change this moment in the park by my presence, I want to fold into it.) I remember once being given a neat piece of advice: over the next 24 hours, every time something happens within you or out in the world that could upset you, shift into expecting it to be exactly as it is. Tell yourself it is exactly as it is supposed to be. Maybe this is what Rumi was getting at. He once proposed an experiment: for a whole day, "live as if life is rigged in your favor."

Today is starting to feel like that. It occurs to me that if one were to do this for long enough, this Pottsian vagabonding, this Proustian psychogeography, this strolling through life as a "passionate spectator," setting up house in the heart of the multitude, amid the fugitive and the infinite" (as Edgar Allen Poe put it), one might well, eventually, and without benefit of psychoactive drugs, pass through a door of perception into a genuinely bizarre set of circumstances.

Poe's short story "The Man of the Crowd" begins with the narrator parked in a cafe watching folks pass by through the rain-streaked window. Each stranger is lost in thought, alone in their bubble, fighting their own private battles, but one "decrepit old man" seems to carry an extra level of inscrutability. The narrator gets up and follows this man. For the rest of the evening the narrator shadows him through the streets of London. There's no rhyme or reason to his quarry's route or behavior; he walks into shops and leaves without ever buying anything. He seems to float, to drift. There's a sinister air of cover-up to him. What's he hiding? Is that a dagger under his cloak? The next day the narrator, tired and exasperated, he goes looking for this man again. He finds him. And this time he stands directly in the man's path, so as to knock him out of his mysterious groove. The man almost collides with him; he appears not to even see him. We are left to conclude that the narrator and the stranger are, somehow, the same person.

With this experiment, the thing being shadowed is, explicitly, novelty itself. But "new" isn't just synonymous with "recent." Least of all that. True newness is seeing the newness in something that was there all along. And it may be you.

*

We thread our way home along the hem of the ocean, across the Burrard Bridge dipsy-doodling along the inlet toward Stanley Park as the light turns sweet. Attention rewilded, uncertainty concentrated. Until finally we are pulling into our own carport, no less beautiful for its familiarity.

This whole day has consisted of what the measuring world would consider dead time – zero billable hours, nothing to put in the books. And yet it is the most alive time of all.

There's another Rumi quote I like:

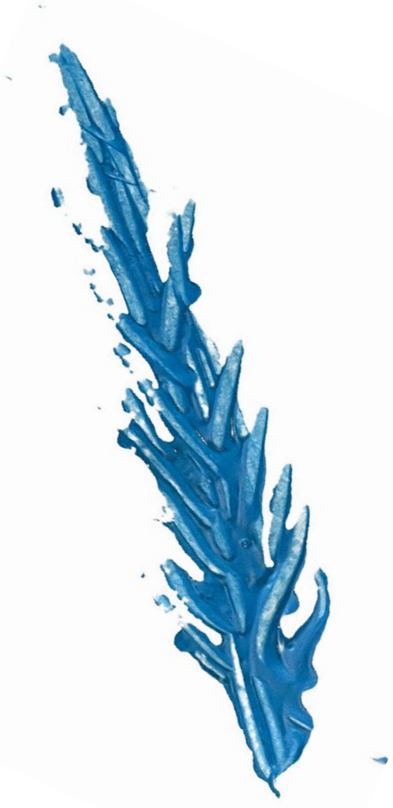
Live as if every single person you encounter has been sent as a guide.

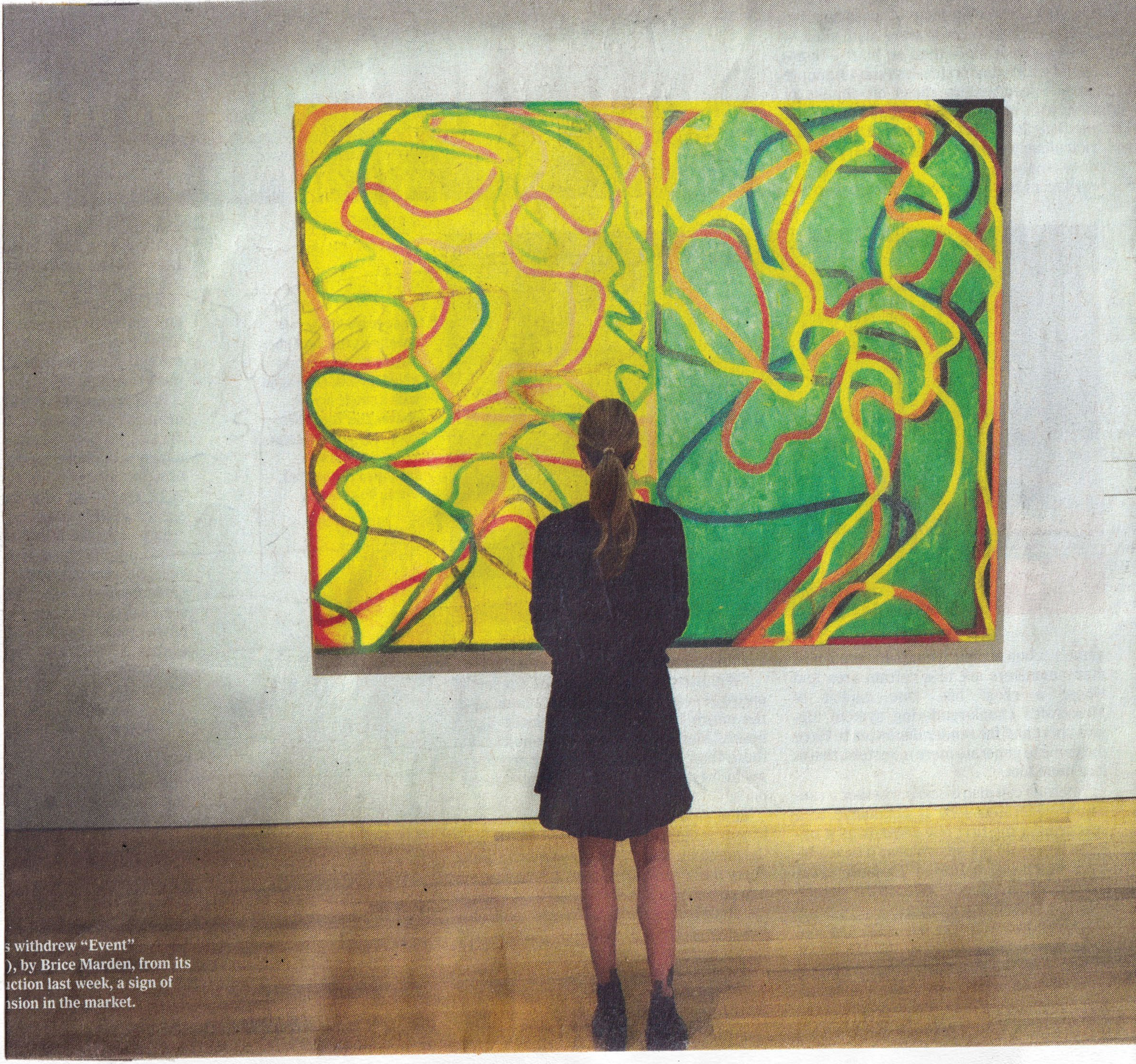
Each conversation today was way more interesting for that quote having been parked the back of my mind: the anti-fracking guy, the woman in the cemetery, the fellow with the canoe on his car on the outskirts of Pacific Spirit Park, where Penny and I ambled under the towering hemlocks and firs, choosing our route by the names of the paths. None of these strangers came on like Obi-wan Kenobi (though Canoe Guy did speak eloquently of the value, at a time like this, of pursuing tranquility). But pretty much all of them left a little mark on the cave wall.

It's like that old saying: "Even when you dial the wrong number there's someone at the other end." You could even say, there are no wrong numbers.

All these things happened because I had nowhere else to be. When there's nothing else you need to be doing today, that changes everything. You're meant to be doing this, whatever you've decided this is.

— Bruce Grierson

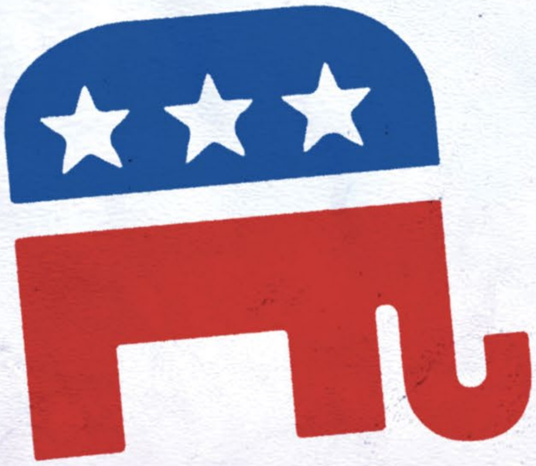




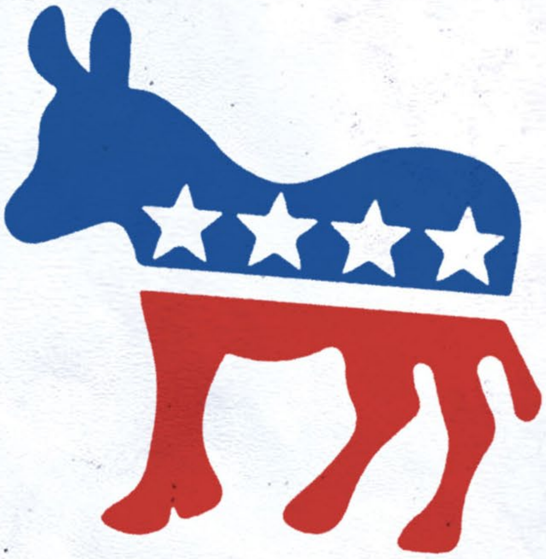
s withdrew “Event”
), by Brice Marden, from its
uction last week, a sign of
nsion in the market.

CAN ARTISTS & CREATIVES...
CHANGE THE AMBIENT TONE
OF THE WORLD?

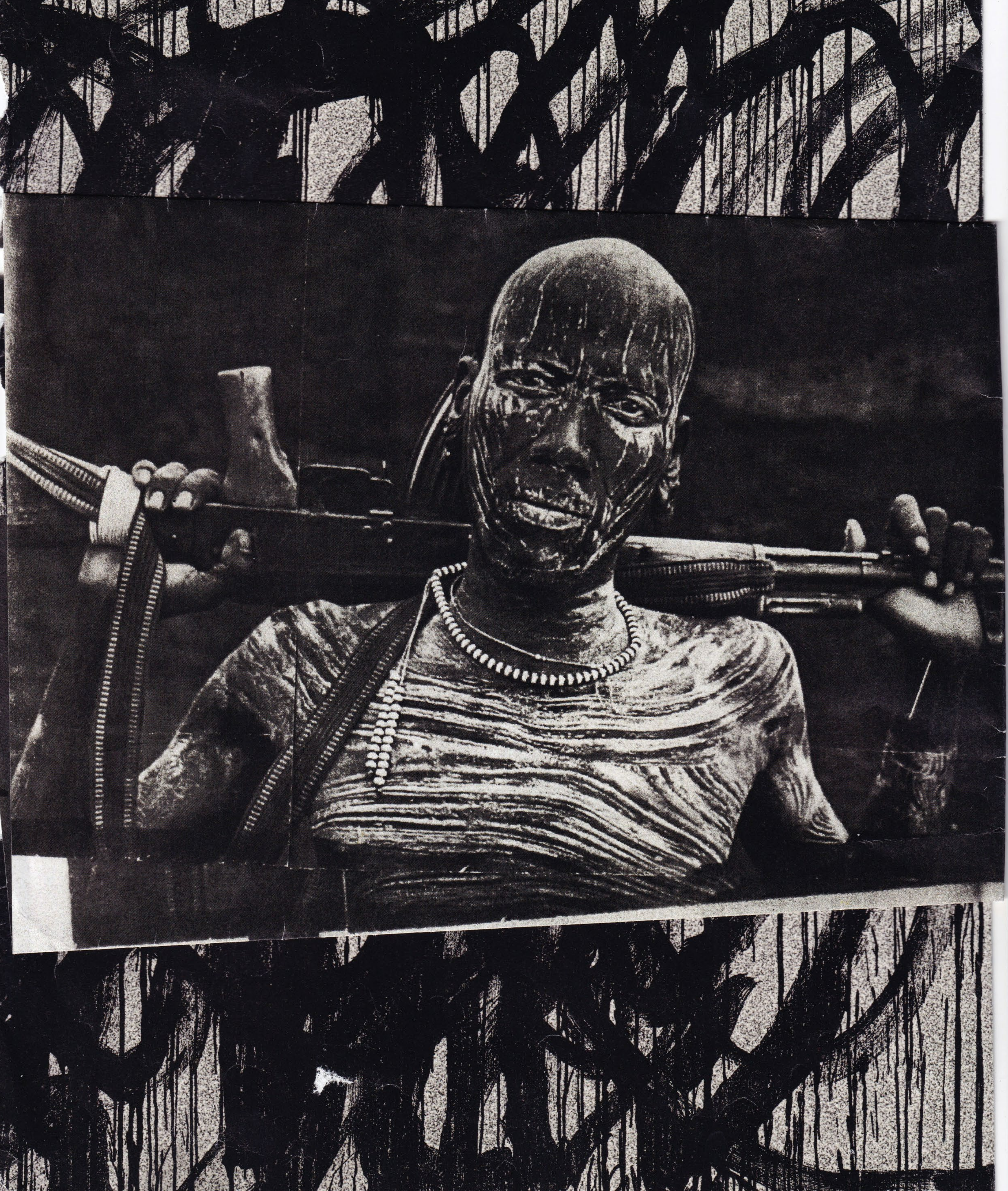
When I think back on many of the social uprisings that have come in my lifetime, I realize this has been lacking for quite a while . . . and I wonder if the reason they die on the vine without bearing real fruit is because they have a message but not a melody; a vision but not a picture; a path but not a dance . . . Without the protest songs, aesthetic acts of rebellion and colorful flourishes we saw come to life in earlier generations, I think it's hard for a movement to really work its way into the deeper parts of us. It reminds me of a parable I often chew on, which asks, "Why wash the outside of a cup or dish while leaving the inside dirty?" On the surface, we're doing everything right, but until we strike a deeper chord, it's all kind of a waste of time. — Daniel Younger

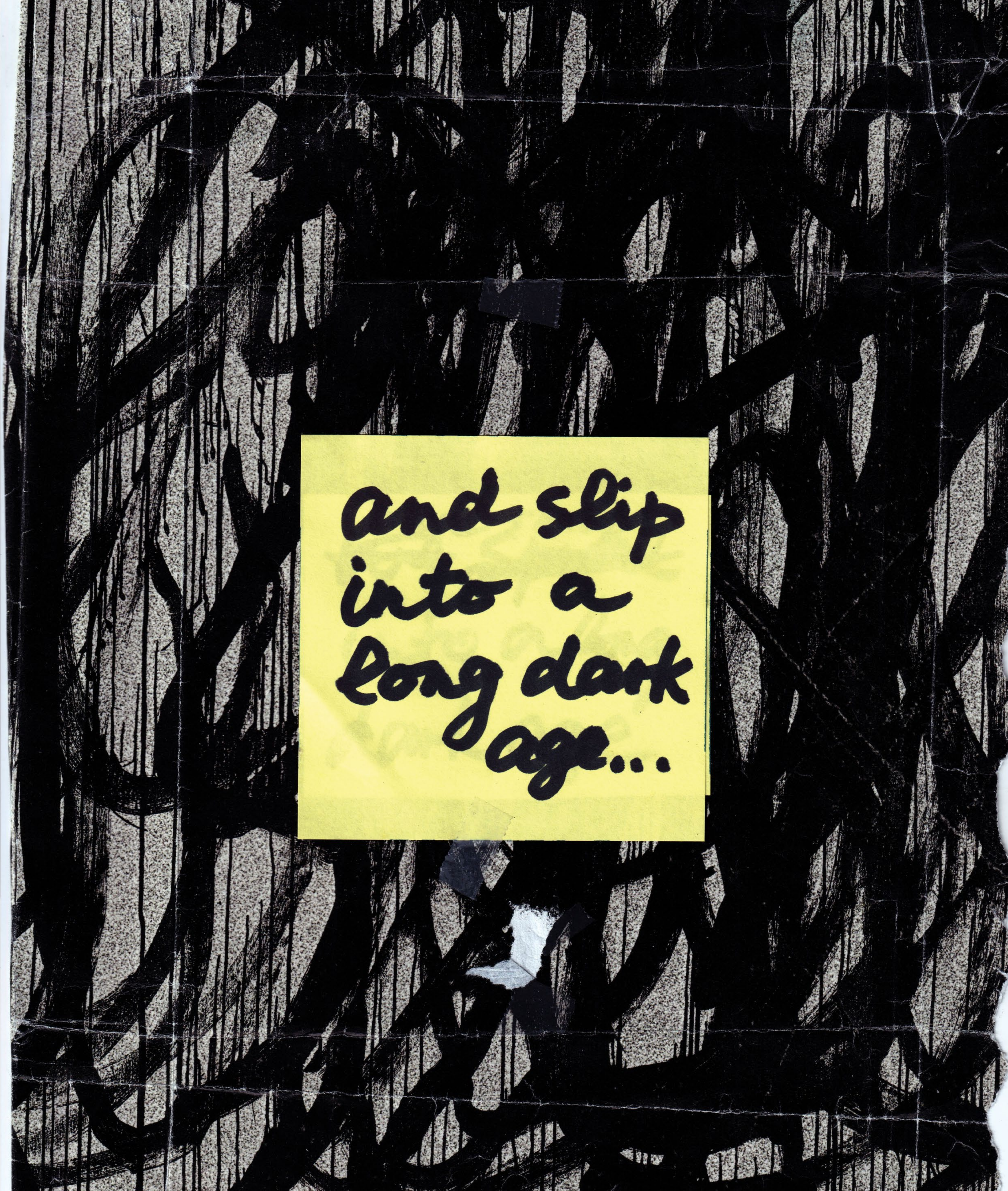


A SIMPLE
CHOICE:



We keep playing the same old song...

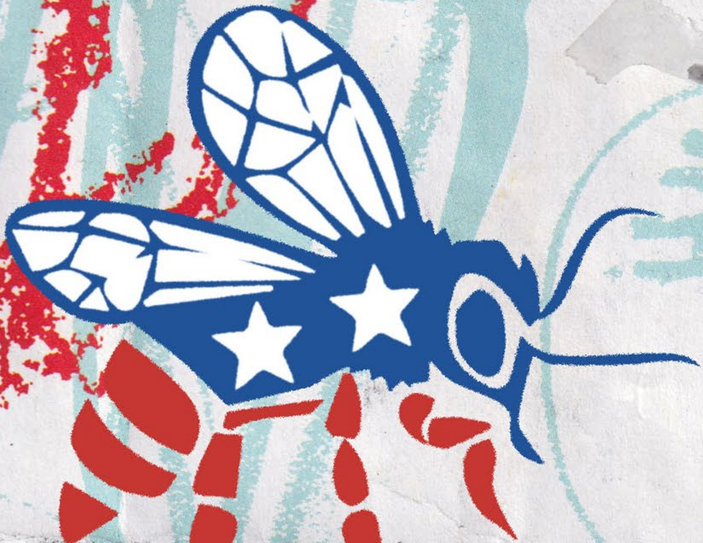




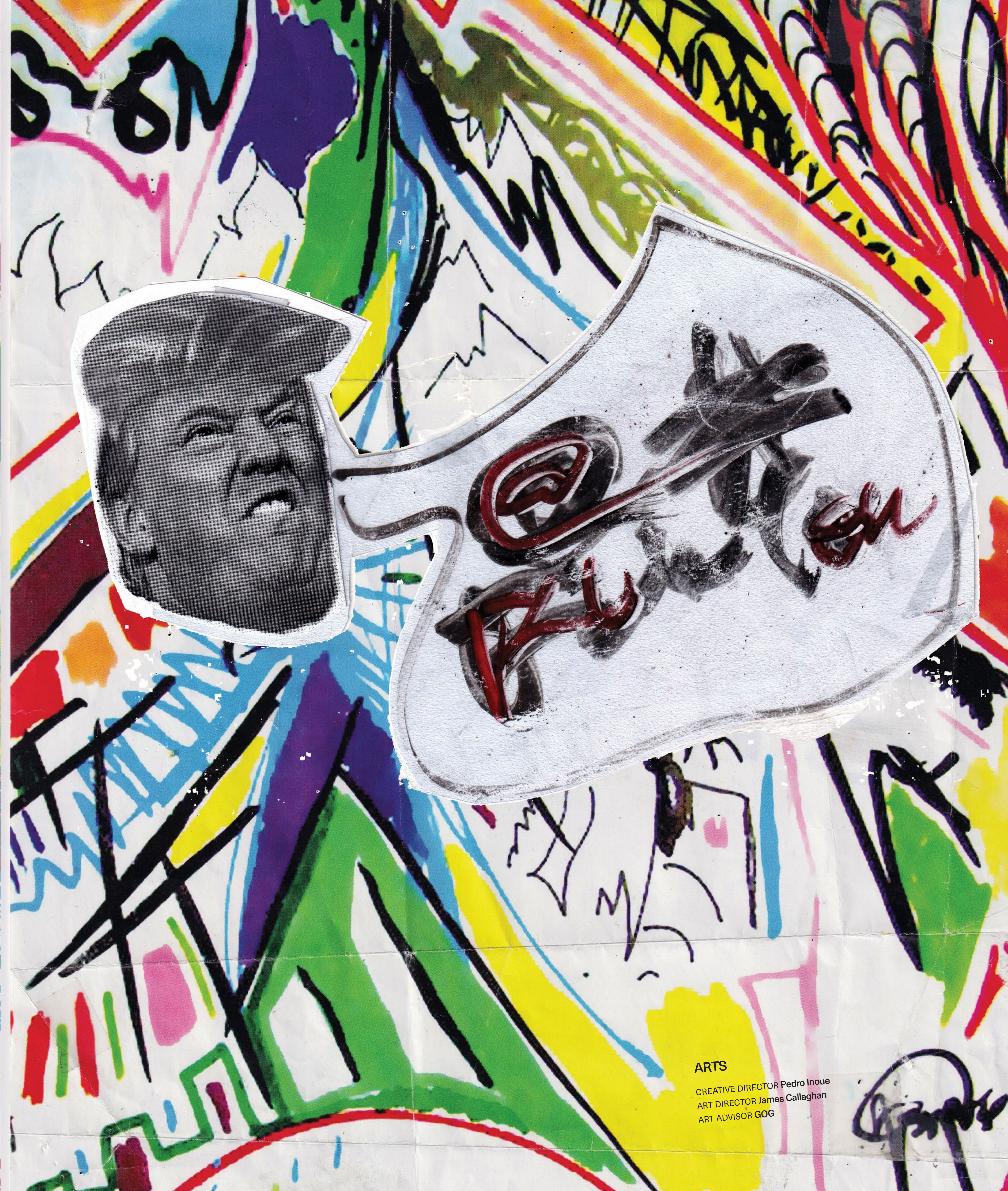
and slip
into a
long dark
age...

or,

we break out



and learn
to play jazz



ARTS

CREATIVE DIRECTOR **Pedro Inoue**
ART DIRECTOR **James Callaghan**
ART ADVISOR **GOG**

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

BIDEN
HARRIS

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

BIDEN
HARRIS

Kalle — we can't ignore this.

Donald Trump is telling us *exactly* what kind of president he would be if granted a second term:

- He promises to be a dictator on "Day One."
- He brags about being the one who "got rid of" *Roe v. Wade.*
- He's calling for the "termination" of the Constitution.
- He tells his enemies to "rot in Hell."

A second Trump term would be filled with revenge, extreme MAGA policies, and chaos and cruelty -- only serving him and his billionaire donors.

That's why we're counting on supporters like you who NEVER want to see Donald Trump in the White House again. Can you rush $1 before it's too late?

If you've saved payment information with ActBlue Express, your donation will go through immediately:

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

Donald Trump will do what's best for Donald Trump, at the expense of our democracy.

That's why Joe Biden ran for President in 2020, and that's why Joe is running for reelection.

But the reality we face is that this election could be decided by a handful of voters in a few key states -- which is why we need everyone on board and ready to get involved.

It's going to take the support of tens of thousands of supporters like you to defeat Trump again. Will you pitch in your first $25 donation today to keep us on track?

We're counting on you to help us win, and we're so grateful to have you in our corner.

Onward to November.

Team Biden-Harris

l Kamala is reason
eetening the deal.

**ve a chance to join
nia.**

too: **George Clooney**

o meet one lucky
want to miss out on
**s right now to be
-a-lifetime**

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

BIDEN
HARRIS

BIDEN
HARRIS

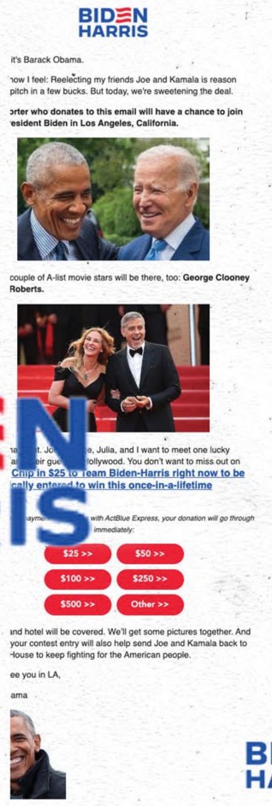
$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

BIDEN
HARRIS



BIDEN
HARRIS

it's Barack Obama.

now I feel: Reelecting my friends Joe and Kamala is reason
pitch in a few bucks. But today, we're sweetening the deal.

**orter who donates to this email will have a chance to join
esident Biden in Los Angeles, California.**

couple of A-list movie stars will be there, too: **George Clooney
Roberts.**

t. Jo e, Julia, and I want to meet one lucky
ir gue lollywood. You don't want to miss out on
**Chip in $25 to Team Biden-Harris right now to be
cally entered to win this once-in-a-lifetime**

with ActBlue Express, your donation will go through immediately:

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

and hotel will be covered. We'll get some pictures together. And
your contest entry will also help send Joe and Kamala back to
House to keep fighting for the American people.

ee you in LA,

ama

BIDEN
HARRIS

$25 >> $50 >>
$100 >> $250 >>
$500 >> Other >>

BIDEN
HARRIS

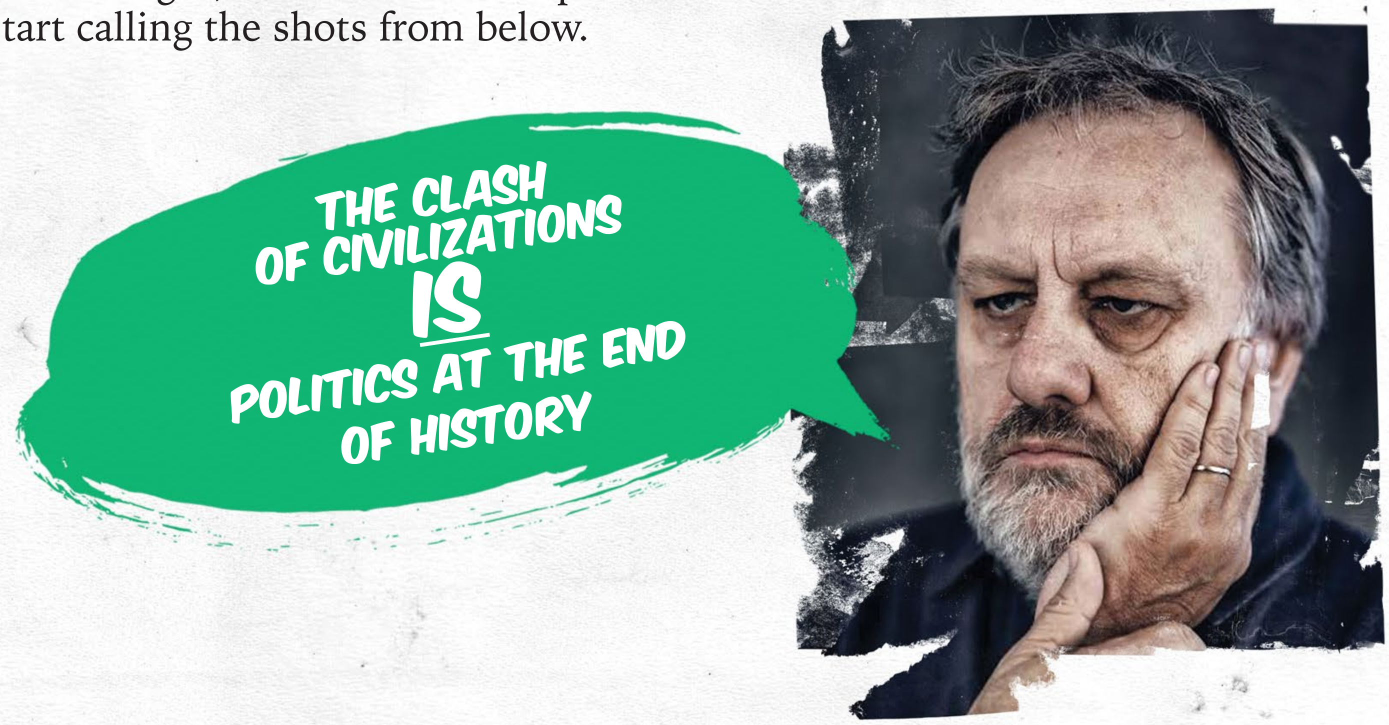
BIDEN
HARRIS

IT'S YOUR CALL!

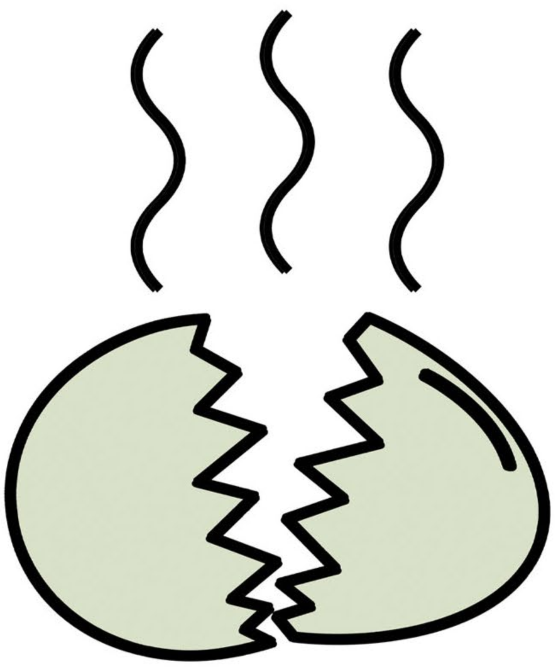
In the US we have two different pathways toward deepening totalitarian control. One is the Right Wing, Christian Nationalist path, which will be attempted if Trump wins the election. The Koch-funded Heritage Foundation has developed a 1,000 page action plan for Trump's presidency that is absolutely harrowing.

The other path is the "progressive" World Economic Forum liberal technocratic path, which many people fear will become more pronounced and is already here, to some extent, with "surveillance capitalism." That's where the Dems are going.

A third path is on the horizon. A new kind of politics, beyond the left and the right, where We the People start calling the shots from below.


THE CLASH OF CIVILIZATIONS IS POLITICS AT THE END OF HISTORY

STINK BOMB TRUMP



Have you got the guts to put an egg on a window sill for two weeks, then take it to a Trump rally?

We take one day of the week and just . . . rewild it. Make it ours. Repurpose it. Rededicate it to the service of the human spirit and a sane, sustainable future. Weekdays we work. Saturdays we party. Sundays we rest. And now, we turn Fridays into a new kind of revolutionary holiday.

FUCKITALLFRIDAYS

We don't need tens of millions of people to launch the revolution. Fifty thousand diehard activists -- five hundred in every major city around the world, working together and strutting their stuff with fuck-it-all viscerality -- can get the job done.

#FUCKITALL

Revolutions don't begin with thoughts. They begin with "a mood, with astonishment, fear, worry, curiosity, jubilation." A critical mass of people gets dragged into the fight by a delicate alchemy of feeling . . . plus an element of pure luck.

. . . all these conditions are in place now. The screws are tightening on humanity. The future no longer computes. A massive destabilizing discontent is brewing. The time is ripe for a world revolution.

FROM THE STRATEGISTS WHO SPARKED
— OCCUPY WALL STREET —

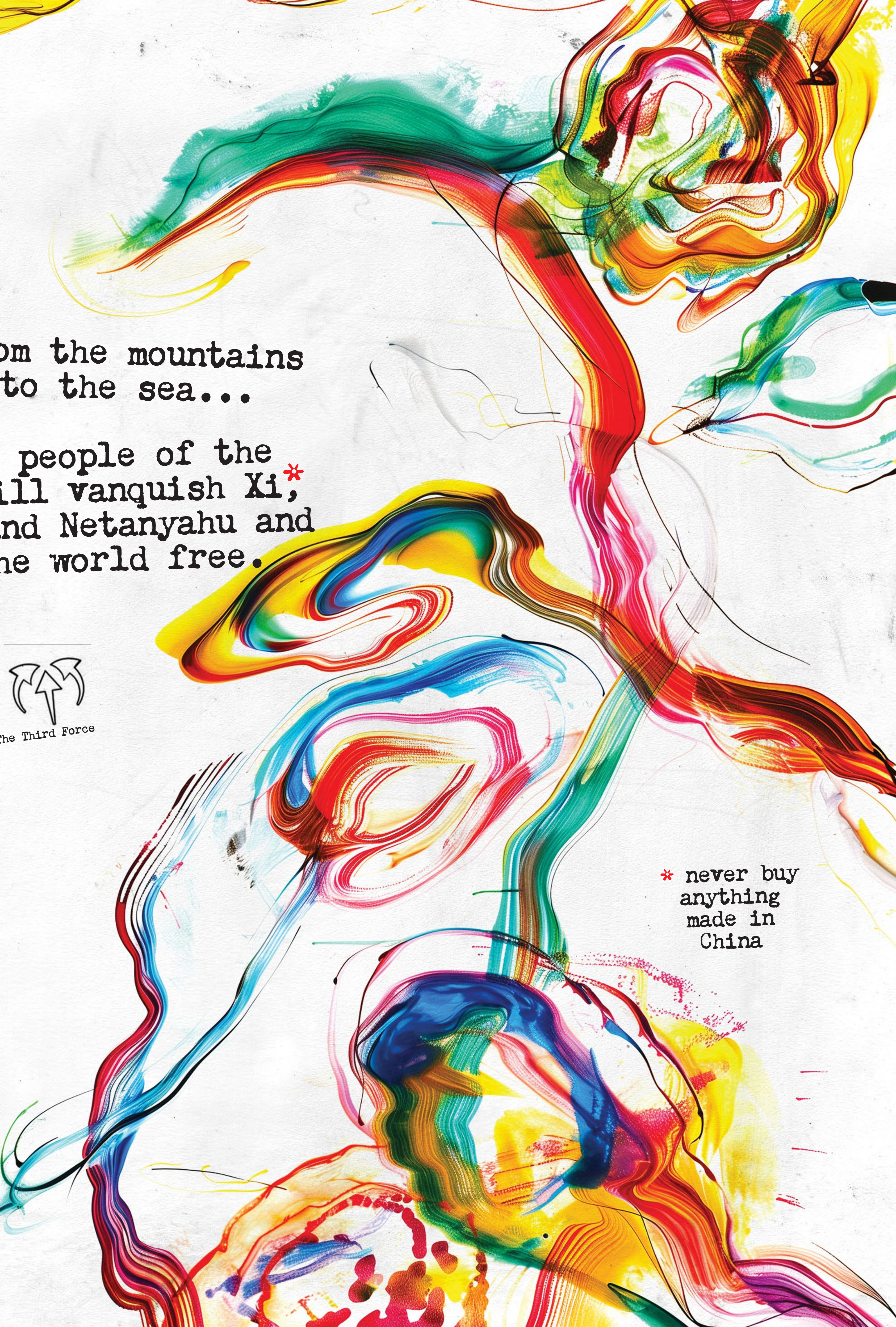
MANIFESTO
FOR WORLD
REVOLUTION

Never on Amazon!

We don't need a ceasefire.

We need a fucking revolution.

— Alon Mizrahi

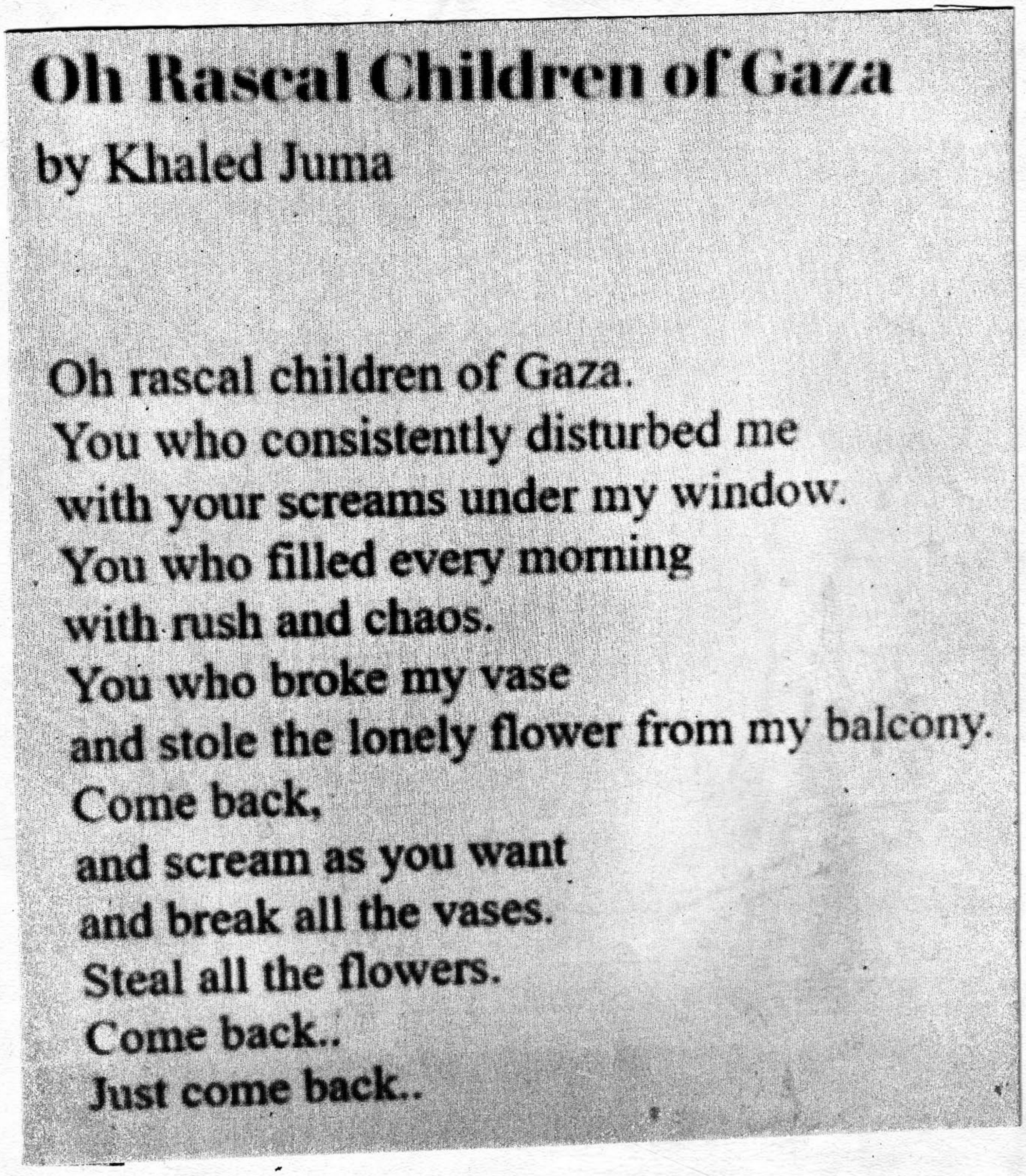


From the mountains
to the sea...

We the people of the
world will vanquish Xi*,
Putin, and Netanyahu and
set the world free.

The Third Force

* never buy
anything
made in
China



Oh Rascal Children of Gaza

by Khaled Juma

Oh rascal children of Gaza.
You who consistently disturbed me
with your screams under my window.
You who filled every morning
with rush and chaos.
You who broke my vase
and stole the lonely flower from my balcony.
Come back,
and scream as you want
and break all the vases.
Steal all the flowers.
Come back..
Just come back..

Adbusters, USPS # 22856, ISSN No: 08479097, is published bi-monthly by Adbusters Media Foundation, 1243 West 7th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6H1B7. U.S. mailing agent is Weekly Retail Service, 94 Cooper Road, Ridgefield, CT 06877. Periodicals postage paid at Danbury, CT and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Adbusters, 94 Cooper Road, Ridgefield, CT 06877. Single issue: $14.95. Annual Subscription USA/Canada: $45. Annual Subscription International: $55.

THE MANDELA MOMENT WILL COME

Marwan Barghouti

IS THE

Palestinian

MANDELA

(IN PRISON SINCE 2002)

Generations of South Africans suffered and fought like hell before Mandela was finally released. The same thing can now happen in Palestine.

Download this poster. Share it! Whack it up on every lamppost in the world!

#FREEBARGHOUTI

#FREEPALESTINE